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WHILE the House of Representatives shouted down a proposal that it go into a brief session of silent prayer before voting on the McSwain bill, it amended the original draft beyond recognition. The fight against conscription was won in a last-minute upset which eliminated not only the provision drafting all men between the ages of twenty-one and forty-five for war services but also that conscripting management of industry and communications. Mr. McSwain yielded to the unanimous pressure of his colleagues in accepting a 100 per cent tax on excess war profits, and the bill now can be merged with the Nye bill when it passes the Senate. The press is to be exempted from the licensing provisions, though this, naturally, is no guaranty of free criticism in war time. Representative Maury Maverick, the vigorous Texas first-termer, fought hard for an amendment insisting on American neutrality, and is to be credited with the final defeat of conscription. In the main the House put up a debate singularly free of false patriotism. The more Congress looks at the problem of war, the more clearly it sees the folly of defining "defense" as the ability to draft, equip, and staff an army of four million men for duty overseas. This still is the official policy of the "services." Once this simple fact is digested, most of our present military and naval expenditure can be diverted to social purposes, and the influence of the army and navy in Washington will be correspondingly reduced. The enactment of a strong Nye-McSwain bill will be an important victory for democracy, but it will be completely won only when the military spirit is rooted out of our national life.

IT WOULD BE OPTIMISTIC to prophesy immediate or fundamental decisions from the Stresa conference. Captain Eden's tour has shown how difficult it is to obtain united support for the Anglo-French plan for security. That plan called for a Western European air pact, an Eastern Locarno, the guaranty of Austria, and Germany's reentry into the League. So far only the air pact and the guaranty of Austria are within reach. Poland is hesitant about an Eastern Locarno, and Germany is not willing to reenter the League until Hitler has established equality by unilateral action. The Stresa conference is to be devoted first to finding agreement on the measures to take in the face of Germany's announcement of conscription. Here Mussolini will strive to set up three-power action to take the place of the four-power pact he once dreamed of. But three-power action is impossible for Britain, which remains committed to the collective system. Noteworthy is the complete conversion of Mussolini to cooperation with France, but of itself this does not clear the air. Britain would have to come in, too. We have read with interest that Captain Eden returned to London feeling there was no immediate danger of war. Stresa, perhaps, could only produce immediate united action if the danger were more acute. Similarly, the special meeting of the League Council can hardly lead to conclusive results. The Stresa conference, however, will end with ringing communiqués, and it is logical to expect that sooner or later some halfway ground between alliances and collective action, as offsets to Germany's restoration to power, can be mapped out and occupied.

ALMOST UNNOTICED in the flurry of excitement over Europe, the Abyssinian crisis has drifted from bad to worse. With one eye on Germany and the other on Abyssinia, Mussolini has mobilized an army of nearly 600,000 men in addition to the two divisions recently dispatched to Africa. Frightened by this action and the report that 4,000 Egyptians have been employed to construct roads from the port of Assab to the Abyssinian border, Emperor Haile Selassie has moved 100,000 of his troops into a position to check the threatened Italian advance. Direct negotiations between the two countries having broken down, Abyssinia has appealed to the League under Articles X, XI, and XII of the Covenant, and asked for immediate action at the special Council meeting of April 15. The success of this appeal depends very largely on the attitude of Great Britain, which has shown a certain irritation at Mussolini's warlike gestures. In view, however, of the urgent need for Anglo-Italian cooperation with regard to Germany, the chances are that Abyssinia will get scant support in Geneva. A gentle

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reminder sent by the United States to both Italy and Abyssinia, calling attention to their commitments under the Kellogg Pact, might aid in averting the war that otherwise appears almost inevitable.

THE SETBACK suffered by the National Socialists in Danzig is significant chiefly because it destroys the myth of invincibility which the Nazis had implanted in the minds of their followers. After a series of victories in which approximately 90 per cent of the electorate supported their policies, the Nazis could claim that they represented the will of the German people. And they were determined to show that in Danzig, where the elections were relatively free, the sentiment for National Socialism was virtually as great as in Germany itself. No effort was spared to assure another spectacular victory. The leading spellbinders of the party —Goebbels, Göring, Hess, and Streicher—participated actively in the preelection campaign. Danzig storm troopers terrorized the opposition parties in the most approved Nazi manner. Former residents of the city now living in Germany were given free passage if they voted the National Socialist ticket. But despite all these measures, the Nazi vote fell far short of the two-thirds which was necessary to enable them to modify the constitution and establish a totalitarian state. Coming on the heels of German rearmament, the defeat will be interpreted abroad as an indication of an unsuspected weakness in the Hitler regime. Within Germany it should at least counteract the effect of the Saar victory, and revive hope in the hearts of the opposition for an ultimate return to sanity.

THE MEASURE of Adolph S. Ochs is to be taken by his creation, the New York *Times*, with whose identity he was almost completely merged. One of the few great newspapers in the world, the *Times* has served to maintain the balance against the sensationalism and slickness of contemporary journalism. Its first and chief merit has been its devotion to the service of complete reporting. It has not always been as complete or even as accurate and objective as it might be, but it has been more nearly so than any other American newspaper and far more so than any of the once superior newspapers of London. Where the *Times* has not led has been in the field of opinion. Its editorial function has been conceived in a spirit of restraint bordering on psychological repression, which has produced an editorial page devoid of inspiration. In terms of Mr. Ochs, this simply says that he was a great publisher and newsgatherer and hardly at all an editor. But he was great in his way, and American journalism—also in the main a profession of newsgathering, without leadership—has lost one of its creative figures.

IT MUST BE A MISTAKE to assume that newspaper editorials have lost their power. Guy P. Gannett, publisher of four newspapers in Maine, is in no doubt about one service they can perform: they can help build destroyers for the navy. When the navy was letting contracts in 1933, Mr. Gannett was interested in having the Bath Iron Works land contracts for two of the new destroyers. He instructed all his editors to write editorials on building up the navy, and then sat down and wrote William S. Newell, president of the shipyards, about it. "As soon as these appear," he said, "I will send copies along to our Maine delegation in Washington with a personal letter. You may be sure that I will do everything in my power to arouse our people to the necessity of building destroyers." Mr. Newell also believed in the power of the press, as he had previously sent Mr. Gannett an editorial from the New York *Herald Tribune* on the potential sources of war. He wanted Mr. Gannett to call this to the attention of the Maine delegation in his stead, as it would look better coming from a publisher. On behalf of the same firm a letter went to Louis McHenry Howe, the President's secretary, saying that the President's son James had been brought to Bath as a speaker, telling how the old Republican stronghold had nearly been carried for the President, and suggesting by inference that it would go Democratic next time if only the contracts went to the local shipyards.

AS LOUIS ADAMIC PREDICTED in a recent article in *The Nation*, rubber is about to snap. As this issue goes to press the rubber workers in the Goodrich and Firestone plants in Akron are balloting on the question of a strike; the Goodyear workers have already voted to go out. The union men have been driven to this final desperate decision even in the face of tremendous odds. So far the A. F. of L. leaders, local and national, have shown little enthusiasm for a showdown, and the Regional Labor Board director, Ralph Lynd, has made every effort to win a settlement. It is the employers who have forced the issue. They have refused to allow an impartial poll; they sent company-union men to Washington to testify against the Wagner Labor Disputes bill; the Firestone company union conducted an anti-strike vote three days after the National Labor Relations Board had ordered it dissolved, and similar action was taken in other plants; and when Mr. Lynd went to Akron to make a last-minute attempt to avert a strike, two of the companies refused even to receive him. They have good reasons for their intransigence. The peak of production is well past and warehouses are bulging with huge stocks of tires. They could shut down the plants for the duration of a strike, but they prefer to fight it out in the hope of crushing permanently the threat of unionism in rubber. And they are thoroughly prepared for war.

FOR WEEKS glaring searchlights sweeping the grounds of the big plants have revealed at night the sharp outline of newly constructed barbed-wire fences, dim shadows created by sand-bag intrenchments, armed guards leaning against the buildings. Underground tunnels run from factory to factory and from the employees' clubhouses to the factories; thousands of army cots are ready for tired "loyal" workers; submachine-guns have been mounted at strategic points; thousands of shining new laths, like those Gandhi's disciples have felt upon their backs, are piled high within easy reach; squads of men have been drilling, learning the rudiments of tear-gas bomb-throwing. Goodyear, Goodrich, and Firestone each have 500 men deputized to "protect our property rights." Sheriff Flowers, National Guard captain and company tool, has 200 more deputies, most of them his own unemployed guardsmen. The police department has prepared one hundred additional men for its force. Tear-gas salesmen are saying jubilantly, "Most business we have had for a long time." The companies are preparing to

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drown the threatened strike in blood, and they make little secret of it. The rubber workers will need more than the half-hearted support they have received from the A. F. of L. generals if they are even to survive such a war.

THE SUDDEN APPEARANCE of the main force of the Chinese Red Army under Chu Teh and Mao Tse-tung at the gates of Kweiyang, capital of Kweichow Province, is difficult to explain at this distance. Somewhat earlier this force—50,000 to 60,000 strong—had been reported on the southern bank of the Yangtze River, ready to cross over to join the Soviet armies in Szechuan. Its failure to cross the river was apparently due to the presence of foreign gunboats and Japanese cargo ships which were being used by Chiang Kai-shek for transport purposes. Forced to keep mobile in order to obtain necessary provisions, at least part of these troops have marched southward into Yunnan and then turned north again into Kweichow, where they have encountered and defeated the main provincial army some forty miles from Kweiyang. This victory was especially significant because of Chiang Kai-shek's presence at Kweiyang, but it was probably not a primary objective of the Communists' strategy. Capture of the city might, however, lead to a fundamental change in tactics which would make Kweichow as well as Szechuan a base for permanent Communist activity. Both provinces are relatively inaccessible and would serve admirably for this purpose. But the chances are that the victory will merely strengthen the Red Army's determination to enter Szechuan because of the comparative wealth and strategic value of that remote province.

THE OLD GENTLEMEN who sit around the headquarters of the Liberty League must have trembled in their chairs when the news was whispered about that a company union had defied the management of one of America's most powerful and reactionary corporations. Incredible though it seems, such an instance of lèse majesté actually occurred when the New York Telephone Company asked the employees' organization to approve a camouflaged wage cut. The management presented a plan which, as they described it, would "establish five week days as the basic working week and include in the basic rate of pay for five days the amount now paid for Saturday afternoon." The innocent-sounding statement was a euphemistic way of announcing that the 8⅓ per cent cut in hours and wages which was imposed in 1932 as a temporary measure was to be made permanent. The decrease in the basic rate of pay —which had continued unchanged on a six-day basis— meant, moreover, that such items as the automatic annual salary increases and the "supper allowances" for overtime would in many instances be reduced, while the deduction for absences would increase with the nominal rise in hourly wages. Instead of rubber-stamping the company's proposal, as they were naturally expected to do, the employee representatives demanded time for consideration and the preparation of a counter-plan. In this plan they asked that the prevailing basic pay be made the actual pay for the five-day week, and that overtime and salary increases be continued as at present. They justified this request on the ground that the maintenance of full dividends had benefited "stockholders . . . throughout the years of the depression at the expense of the employees." Needless to say, these demands were contemptuously rejected, which proves that a company union is, after all, a company union and not an instrument of collective bargaining.

DR. WALTER DAMROSCH is celebrating this month the fiftieth anniversary of his assumption of the conductor's baton. His popularity has been steadily increasing through the years, and now that he is dean of music on the radio he has achieved an eminence which no other *Kapellmeister* in all recorded history has even remotely approached. Soon the press and the society leaders of the nation will heap praise upon him. We wish we could join in these tributes, but conscience forbids it. It is a well-known fact among musicians and honest music critics that Dr. Damrosch is an indifferent conductor and a poor commentator. It is no secret that nearly all the men who have played under him have had little else but contempt for his interpretations. Dr. Damrosch can read a score, a rarer accomplishment among conductors than some think, but he doesn't know how to perform it satisfactorily. His rise to popularity can be explained by his timely patriotism and social ambition. His outrageous denunciation of Karl Muck in 1917 for lack of respect for the flag helped endear him to the hearts of the populace, and his elegant parties for people who count in the musical and social life of the nation have endeared him to the hearts of the elite. Had his life been shaped exclusively by his musicianship, he would probably be the conductor of a movie orchestra in a small Middle Western city.

THE McNABOE BILL, abolishing all actions for alienation of affections, criminal conversation, seduction, and breach of contract to marry, is now the law of New York State. We need hardly say that we are gratified and hope that the remaining forty-six states—Indiana has had a statute similar to the McNaboe bill for some time —will follow New York's example in the near future. Legislation to the same effect is up for consideration in Texas, Idaho, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Illinois, and, according to the very careful Associated Press, "one of the Carolinas." May they add glory to themselves by adopting their respective measures. The heart-balm racket during the past few decades has become a genteel form of female cannibalism, even more ruthless, if less common, than the divorce and alimony game.

BECAUSE the middle section of this special book number went to press several days earlier than the rest of the issue, the article, Twenty-nine Men in Contempt, on page 443 contains certain statements that call for last-minute amendment. Since then, Judge W. A. Valentine has temporarily released twenty-eight of the jailed leaders of the United Anthracite Miners. Thomas M. Malone, the district president, and seven members of the district board were freed until after a conference on April 15 with the Governor. Twenty others were released to attend a meeting between the new union, the United Mine Workers, and the Glen Alden Company. We shall report later on the results of these peace parleys. Meanwhile Judge Valentine deserves credit for breaking, even temporarily, the deadlock which has held the Wyoming Valley in the grip of terror and suspense.

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The Company-Union Stratagem

FOR any gullible person who still believes the "American plan" of company unions has merit and deserves a trial, we publish a remarkable letter which has found its way into the record of the hearings on the Wagner Labor Disputes bill. The writer is Arthur Young, vice-president of the United States Steel Corporation, and its responsible labor strategist. In it he does not reveal any secret, for it has been obvious that the steel trust, like other great corporations, deliberately resorted to company unions as a device to strengthen its hold over its workers and to prevent legitimate self-organization. What is remarkable is its absence of cant. Not being written for publication Mr. Young's letter says just what he thought, without subterfuge or philosophical gloss. The date was June 16, 1934, when Joint Resolution 44 was being passed by Congress as a substitute for the Wagner labor bill of last year. Mr. Young favored the joint resolution for singularly convincing reasons, which he explained to L. H. Korndorff, president of the Federal Shipbuilding Company. The letter was found in Mr. Korndorff's files by investigators of the Senate Munitions Committee. Mr. Young writes:

> My guess is that Congress will today pass the joint resolution proposed as an alternate to the Wagner bill, and that will end, for the time being at least, many of our troubles in that respect. Personally I view the passage of the joint resolution with equanimity. It means that temporary measures, which cannot last more than a year, will be substituted for the permanent legislation proposed in the original Wagner bill. I do not believe that there will ever be again as good a chance for the passage of the Wagner act as exists now, and the trade is a mighty good compromise.
>
> I have read carefully the joint resolution, and my personal opinion is that it is not going to bother us very much. For one thing, it would be necessary, if the newly created boards are to order and supervise elections in our plants, that they first set aside as invalid the elections just completed. I do not think this can be done. If, in 1935, our elections should occur in the second half of June rather than the first half, the board would automatically be legislated out of existence before that date. If they try to horn in on us in any situation in the meantime, I think we have our fences pretty securely set up. Therefore, and for other reasons, I am in favor of compromising by not opposing the passage of the joint resolution. This, of course, is my own personal opinion. I have not yet had a chance to clear it with our people here.

Joint Resolution 44 was the kind of compromise Mr. Young knew to be a victory for the corporations. While it empowered the President to establish labor boards, and these could order and supervise elections, Mr. Young was not disturbed. For the boards must first set aside the company-union elections already held in a rush just before the NIRA was enacted. That would take time, and thereafter the boards could be held at bay by litigation. Mr. Young looked at the time-table. In a year the boards would disappear. In a year, too, the prospects of a new Wagner bill would be still more unfavorable. The company-union elections could be put off till after the boards had died this coming June. "A mighty good compromise," wrote Mr. Young.

The steel trust, as labor's "partner" in the American plan, frankly called its new company unions "our fences, pretty securely set up." These fences had been built a few days before the NIRA was enacted. The 214,000 workers of the corporations in the Iron and Steel Institute had been herded into elections, not to enable the men to bargain collectively, but precisely to prevent them from enjoying the benefits promised them by the Recovery Act. It was not the strategy of steel alone. The same procedure was followed in rubber and automobiles. Small industry, on the whole, was ready to accept collective bargaining. Not so the leaders of heavy industry, who knew their strength and could manipulate the political pawns, the President included.

We are entitled to inquire whether the President knew what he was doing for the corporations when he asked Congress to drop the Wagner bill and accept Joint Resolution 44. Was he "outsmarted?" Or did he believe that the time-table would not work out according to Mr. Young's calculations? We should like to conjecture that the President was more canny than the industrialists. But one searches in vain for evidence to support this theory. He himself has since then tried to cajole the steel workers to join the company unions, and accept even fewer rights than they were guaranteed under the joint resolution. Had he been "outsmarting" the corporations he would have used the entire year to enforce the findings of his boards, building up sentiment enough to make the passage of the Wagner bill this year a certainty. Instead, enforcement has been left to the slow motion of Homer Cummings. The President himself has become the patron of the employers in the newspaper and automobile codes. Small wonder that big industry believes it has the President's measure and can handle him.

For our part we hope the time-table set up by Mr. Young is wrong. At the moment there is some chance of passing a Wagner bill this year, though in what final form it is hard to predict. The President has given some sort of nod to Sidney Hillman indicating his sanction. Donald Richberg at last favors it "in principle." And if Congress will read and ponder Mr. Young's letter, it will find itself facing a clear-cut issue. Either it will surrender American labor to the corporations, or it will establish the inherent right of workers to bargain for themselves. The Young letter cannot be explained away. It formulates the issue. In importance it ranks with that other great confession of the purpose of company unions, made by the vice-president of the Southern Pacific Railway, cited in the Supreme Court's decision in the Texas and New Orleans case. He too wrote a letter in which he admitted that he had only one motive for organizing a company union—to save money for the railway. It was, he said, a choice between paying wage increases of $340,000 to a real union and increases of $75,000 to a company union. Congress has weakly granted one year of grace to big industry. The defeat of the Wagner bill would spell the end of labor's chances of enjoying liberty through the orderly process of legislation.

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Defeat the Wagner-Lewis Bill!

AFTER a delay of nearly three months the Ways and Means Committee has reported out the Administration's social-security bill in a drastically emasculated form. All efforts to liberalize the bill were effectively quashed in committee. The only change of a progressive character was the rejection of the so-called Wisconsin plan of company reserves in favor of state-wide pooled reserves. Apart from this, the revisions appear to have been dictated by groups which fear lest the security legislation be a "burden" on business. In some instances the pressure of vested interests was open and unabashed. The insurance companies, for example, were able to obtain the elimination of the proposed voluntary system of old-age annuities for persons earning more than $3,000 a year, only to lose out in a last-minute reversal of the committee. More serious was the removal of domestics, farmers, and casual and seasonal workers from the protection of either unemployment or old-age insurance. The authority of the federal government to force the states to adopt desirable standards with regard to old-age pensions was also curtailed, and the amount of benefits in the immediate old-age-assistance plan, together with the terms upon which such assistance is to be granted, was left entirely to the respective states.

The Nation has already dwelt at length upon the shortcomings of the Wagner-Lewis bill. Even in its original form it failed to give security to those groups which have borne the brunt of the current depression. No adequate provision is made for the eleven to twelve million who are at present unemployed, while the discrimination against domestics, farmers, and casual workers affects precisely those persons who, next to the unemployed, stand in the greatest need of protection. Granting that the insurance of these groups presents serious administrative problems, the fact remains that they are victims of circumstances for which society and not the individual is responsible. To admit our inability to assume this responsibility is to admit the bankruptcy of our economic and political system.

Supporters of the Wagner-Lewis bill can scarcely fail to be aware of its inadequacies. Their plea is that, after all, it marks a great advance over the ruthless individualism of the Hoover period. Better, they say, to take what we can get than to wait for an ideal scheme which may never be forthcoming. In rejecting this argument we are moved not so much by questions of principle as by practical politics. It is true that the relatively advanced British system of social insurance has been introduced gradually over a period of years. During this period many revisions have been made, and the system has been extended to an increasing proportion of the population. There is a vital difference, however, between Britain's legislation and the plan which is now suggested for the United States. From the beginning the British social-insurance program has been national in scope. Revisions could be made by Parliament and applied uniformly throughout the country with comparative ease. The Wagner-Lewis formula provides for forty-eight different social-insurance schemes, each administering its own funds and establishing its own rules. Once it was created and functioning it would be extremely difficult to liberalize or extend the program, and virtually impossible to transform the state schemes into a unified federal program. From a similar point of view there is very little to be gained by the adoption of an inadequate plan at this session. Federal legislation is meaningless without state action, and most of the state legislatures have already adjourned until 1937. Only two states, Utah and Washington, have thus far enacted unemployment-insurance legislation that is dependent on federal action. The New York bill, which is expected to pass in modified form, could go into effect irrespective of federal legislation. It would seem, therefore, better to wait for a reasonably adequate program than to adopt a scheme of compulsory self-saving which neither protects the worker nor guarantees that steady flow of purchasing power which is essential to recovery.

By waiting it is also possible to capitalize the rapidly growing sentiment in favor of social security throughout the country. Business men and workers alike are coming to demand adequate unemployment insurance, though for different reasons. The unprecedented popularity of the Townsend plan in the West indicates that old-age protection may be our preeminent political issue in the 1936 elections. The Lundeen bill, though unlikely to be voted on in Congress this session, has been of vast educational value in establishing the fundamental principles upon which genuine security legislation must be based. Until this educational task has been completed it is probably all for the good that Congress is unable to agree upon a measure that is of doubtful constitutionality, and of little value either for the reduction of insecurity or the stabilization of our economy.

Good Neighbor or Bad

THE two years since President Roosevelt enunciated his good-neighbor policy have shown tangible progress in our Latin American relations. The President has publicly indicated that henceforth the Monroe Doctrine will be considered a multilateral, continental affair. He has declared that the policy of the United States is "opposed to armed intervention." The Platt Amendment has been abrogated. The Philippines are to have their independence; the date has been set, the constitution approved—an unprecedented performance whatever may have been the economic motivations. It is an accomplishment contrasting favorably with the bristling animosities of the Old World.

Given this achievement and purpose, it is lamentable to see how the performance has miscarried in the region nearest us—the Caribbean. In its three Latin American republics dictatorships have been established, and the rule of mounting violence and oppression clashes with the objectives which the New Deal in American relations proclaimed. The paradox lies in Washington's considerable responsibility for the dictatorships in Cuba, the Dominican Republic, and Haiti. In all three countries the disastrous consequences of our recent interventions are materializing. It should be the part of a wise diplomacy at Washington to stand by our weaker neighbors, to serve them in the numerous ways which our more highly developed resources and talents permit, to assist in their emergence from

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militarism and chaos. Instead of that, the policy of the present Administration has in several respects helped to perpetuate the ill effects of the earlier policies which it has so properly repudiated.

Nor was this necessary. The Roosevelt Administration began with the utmost good-will of the Cubans, a good-will which only the most fantastic stupidity in the execution of our Cuban policy has sacrificed. Cuba had the best prospect since its independence of an orderly, moderate, representative administration. Machado had been eliminated—a necessary act of intervention while the Platt Amendment existed. The inept and unrepresentative Cespedes Cabinet fell after three weeks. A fresh generation of Cubans was there to take charge. It was reckless folly on Ambassador Welles's part not to work with the new Cuban regime and help to reconcile the diverse elements that could have coalesced behind it. But under Mr. Welles's guidance the Grau San Martín administration was frozen out. When this hope of moderate reform was destroyed, the only alternatives were the extremes of reaction or radicalism. Today the situation has passed beyond the possibility of an orderly, evolutionary solution. Cuba is again—as in the days of Machado—in the grasp of tyranny kept in power only by the army, with the support of Washington. Now as then her best sons have been jailed or driven into exile. Suspects have been ruthlessly killed by the military under the *ley fuga*. There is not a suggestion of economic or social reform. All the old abuses remain.

In the Dominican Republic the Trujillo dictatorship arose, in part, as the logical consequence of our military intervention. The marine corps-trained army, which Santo Domingo does not need, shoots down all who protest against the corruption and ruthlessness of the government. The tyranny and terror are unprecedented in that little nation. This situation, to be sure, was inherited by the Roosevelt Administration. But was it necessary to sanction a financial settlement which gave implicit approval to the acts of the dictatorship?

In Haiti the dictatorship is still in the making—a needless and indecent betrayal on the part of President Vincent. Our own responsibility during the eighteen years in which Washington cynically destroyed every attempt at self-government and imposed its will by force is undeniable. But the New Deal should have brought a change. Wise diplomacy could have averted—could still in large measure avert—Haiti's going the way of Santo Domingo. Vincent's usurpation of power is related to the program which Washington has proposed as an alternative to the present financial control—another legacy from our imperialist era which we should promptly liquidate.

The pathetic aspects of this failure in Washington are threefold. There is the needless oppression of neighboring peoples. There is the deepening of fear, distrust, and hate where good-will and friendship might so easily have been created. And there is, in consequence, the impairment of the purposes and benefits of the good-neighbor policy throughout this hemisphere, where we are judged largely by our relations with those nations which are nearest to us.

What is desperately demanded in the State Department is a comprehension of the need of adapting our Caribbean policy to the new order, and a personnel that will know how to carry out this delicate and important assignment.

Edwin Arlington Robinson

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON, whose death at sixty-five removes the oldest and solidest name from a long list of contemporary American poets, did nothing while he lived to ingratiate any conceivable public. Not merely did he refuse to toss us the customary information about his personal self, but the very poetry he gave us to read in twenty volumes was agnostic in temper and austere in tone. So much intelligence was needed for an understanding either of the ideas or of the art in this poetry, and Robinson was so manifestly content with the situation as it stood, that his thirty years' triumph in the field may clearly be set down to some undeniable, pure excellence which he possessed. What that excellence was—or what the various excellences coexisting in it were—another age than his own will be in the best position to say. This particular moment is the poorest of all moments for defining the virtue destined to be associated with his name. The most that can be done is to record the impression he has so far made.

If that impression has been powerful, no one upon whom it was ever made remained unaware of a certain sacrifice which Robinson almost from the beginning was willing to risk. He sacrificed music to matter; he was rarely a tuneful poet, singing to that submerged part of man which pays on the whole the most enduring homage purchasable by the poet's art. The sonnets at their best are musical; so is Miniver Cheevy; so, in a more muted fashion, is Mr. Flood's Party; so in the beginning were those songs of Tilbury Town which dealt with John Evereldown and Luke Havergal; and so, certainly, is the longer monologue—quite possibly Robinson's masterpiece—called Ben Jonson Entertains a Man from Stratford. And this after all is no brief list, considering that immortal reputations have been achieved with as few as two perfect poems—those of Lovelace's, for instance, which are rightly present in every anthology. But the very excellence of the bulk left over brings up in Robinson's case a peculiar problem. What of the eleven long narratives, from Merlin in 1917 to Amaranth in 1934? Is the music in them too coldly overlaid with intelligence? Are they also enduring? If they are, then Robinson is a major poet, since he will have proved himself not only a true poet but a sustained one. If they are not, the reason will probably have been that their famous blank-verse line had too much steel in it and too little gold; that it was sharper than it was lovely; that indeed it became, more particularly toward the end, too little of a poetic line and too narrowly a vehicle for the transmission of thought. No matter how interesting the thought, no matter how subtly and conscientiously qualified, the lines in question will be asked to carry over into the future the impression that they are in fact lines, worth hearing no less than understanding.

How they will answer is again something which only the future can make known. Meanwhile it may be guessed that The Man Who Died Twice, Amaranth, and the three Arthurian narratives, together with two or three dozen shorter poems, will answer with an especial bravery through the dark distances of time.

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Issues and Men

Hitler Aids Moscow

THIS time Hitler's pet bogyman, the menace of the Russian Communists, did not work. Undoubtedly he puzzled or fooled a great many people when he took office and declared that he had saved not only Germany but all Europe from bolshevism. Those who knew conditions in Germany were, of course, quite aware of the utter falsity of the statement, but people in this country and elsewhere who were ignorant of the weakness of the German Communist movement—that it had not more than three important leaders, and that from the outset it had been hamstrung by orders and money from Moscow—were impressed by Hitler's words. He made the same claim again after the purge of June 30—that he had saved Germany, and therefore saved Europe by the massacre of seventy-seven men, as he asserts (actually some 1,284, according to leading English newspapers). In announcing to the world, and especially to the English statesmen who called upon him, that Germany was arming again, Hitler stressed the fact that Germany was afraid of Russia; that it was not arming against England and France so much as against the Bolsheviks. Apparently he pretended that he was afraid that the Bolsheviks would rush into Poland, defeat the Polish army, and then walk through Germany. But this particular time the red herring did not work at all. On the contrary, he played right into the hands of Moscow, which confirms me in my belief that when Hitler mixes into international affairs he is pretty certain to blunder and blunder badly.

Indubitably Captain Anthony Eden, who, if he continues to play as important a role as at present, will be a future Conservative Prime Minister of Great Britain, would have been warmly received in Moscow if Hitler had not spoken about the Bolshevik menace. I heard an interesting remark attributed to Eden the other day—that he wanted to meet Stalin more than anybody else because the latter seemed to combine power and wisdom. But the fact that Eden went direct from Berlin to Moscow, and that such glowing reports of the Moscow conferences came from both sides, must be bitter reading for Hitler. Had he put over his pretended belief that the Communist menace is the greatest the world faces, and that he is the St. George who is warding off the Communist dragon, the Eden mission would have taken a different tone and attitude. Instead, it is announced that Russia and Great Britain will stand together, either informally or perhaps later formally, and that they will work for the Eastern Locarno, or an eastern line-up against Hitler. In other words, the British have given Hitler notice that they do not consider the Bolshevik menace serious enough to prevent their striking hands and standing side by side with the Soviets to isolate Germany. This can hardly be regarded as a happy ending of Hitler's efforts to make the Allies see in him the defender of the world against the reds.

The truth is that it is becoming more and more apparent that Germany looks toward the Ukraine for its expansion and will resort to any subterfuge to conquer it. There are those misguided people in London who feel that Hitler ought to be encouraged in this, and outspoken support of Hitler along this line by Conservatives might be expected if it were not that the Conservatives are today afraid of the arrival of the German air fleet over London. If the Germans are realists at all they know that the Soviet Union cannot think of an aggressive war, despite the fact that it now has an army of 950,000 men. The service of its railroads is still totally inadequate for any great military undertaking. It continues to have train wrecks without number, and the management is otherwise inefficient. Should the Japanese attack simultaneously with the Germans, the strain upon the entire Russian transport would be so great that the whole system might readily collapse. Our boasted American railroad system similarly collapsed during our participation in the World War and had to be taken over by the government, even though the enemy was not at our doors.

The moral effect of Russia and England coming together cannot be overestimated. It should put a quietus upon those diehards and newspaper lords in England who have been steadily waging a campaign to break off all relations between Russia and England. Anybody who advocates that now is likely to be charged with weakening the country's defenses against Germany, and giving aid and comfort to the chief potential enemy of his native land. In France, too, the net result of the Hitler maneuver has been the coming together of France and Russia. Just how close that alliance is going to be remains to be seen, but it would be surprising if it did not go as far in the direction of the old pre-war Franco-Russian understanding as the Bolsheviks dare to go. In other words, Hitler is forging a chain against himself all along the line, and now that he has antagonized little Switzerland by the shameless kidnapping of an anti-Hitler German on Switzerland's soil, he has given the Swiss government the excuse, not only to demand the return of the prisoner, but to proceed more actively against both the Swiss sympathizers with the Nazis and any Nazis who may be on Swiss soil. Germany was never as isolated as today.

Will this moral cordon around Germany bring the German people to their senses? Will it be sufficient to make them, who are now served only by a prostituted German press, realize where the Hitler policy has taken them in international affairs? Those are hard questions to answer. Most of the Germans, I fear, are likely to fall back upon the old German contention that the rest of the world will not and cannot understand the greatest and noblest people on earth, and will think of themselves again as ill-treated and martyrized. That is a condition which appeals to them. If some people enjoy ill-health, the Germans seem to batten upon the feeling that they are misunderstood, maltreated, and discriminated against.

Oswald Garrison Villard

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Is Dreiser Anti-Semitic?

By HUTCHINS HAPGOOD

A SYMPOSIUM on the Jews by the editors of the defunct *American Spectator*, published a year and a half ago, induced me to write two letters to the magazine because of what I felt was the anti-Semitic slant of the general argument. My request that at least one of my letters be published was not granted, but, instead, Theodore Dreiser, one of the editors, who, I am informed, arranged the symposium, replied to me personally in a way that horrified and astonished me. Dreiser's letters with my replies need no further comment.

DEAR HAPGOOD:

Liberality has always had a dubious standing in my mental court. It is so easy to be liberal when there is nothing to be liberal about, but, on the other hand, it is so easy to pose a few problems to the liberal which will cause him no end of trouble.

Let us say that it is necessary to sustain a liberal attitude toward sectarianism. Well, a mild form of religious sectarianism would not work much harm and might be liberally treated. Supposing your liberalism were faced by a rising tide of Mohammedism in the United States as it is actually faced by a rising tide of Catholicism, and before it all not only a little but all of what you deemed true liberalism would be certain to go down. What about liberalism in that instance?

Or, let us take, for instance, the rising tide of color. I like the Negro as much as anyone in the world. . . . But if the people of England—I am not speaking of South Africa, which does not concern me very much, or Australia, or any of the outlying provinces—if the people of England, I say, were faced by a rising tide of color, how do you suppose the English liberal would feel about it, and, if he opposed it, would there be any justification for it? It would be interesting to know. His temperament and the institutions which are the result of it reflect one very interesting state of historic life. The occupation of England by Negroes would certainly result in an entirely different state of affairs. Should the one, without argument, and for the sake of liberality, be abandoned for the other? It makes an interesting problem. . . .

In the same line, you can take the Jewish question. Liberalism, in the case of the Jew, means internationalism. He is to wander where he pleases and retain, as he does, his religion and race characteristics without change. In America Jewish temples are multiplying about as rapidly as Catholic churches, and, thank God, they are a little more artistic. The Jews, despite all argument to the contrary, are multiplying in number. It is admitted now that there are at least 2,400,000 in New York City. In other cities, they bear the same ratio to the population. They do not, in spite of all discussion of the matter, enter upon farming; they are rarely mechanics; they are not the day laborers of the world—pick and shovel; they are by preference lawyers, bankers, merchants, money-lenders and brokers, and middlemen. If you listen to Jews discuss Jews, you will find that they are money-minded, very pagan, very sharp in practice, and, usually, in so far as the rest is concerned, they have the single objective of plenty of money, by means of which they build a fairly material surrounding.

The profession of the law is today seriously considering, in such states as Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Oregon, limiting the number of Jewish lawyers and, as they see it, for a very definite reason. The Jews lack, if I read the Pennsylvania Bar Association correctly, the fine integrity which at least is indorsed and, to a degree, followed by the lawyers of other nationalities. At least, that is the charge. Left to sheer liberalism as you interpret it, they could possess America by sheer numbers, their cohesion, and their race tastes, and, as in the case of the Negro in South Africa, really overrun the land.

Well, if liberalism means that you are to accept that change without thought, without opposition, bow to whatever is coming without trying to stay it or keep what you have, well and good. There is no reason for anybody saying anything. But if that is not to be done, then some consideration by at least someone must be given to what befalls a given state and also to whether anything can be done to maintain one type of civilization, or life, or racial life, as against another type of civilization or racial life. If the liberal says that is *not* the thing to do, there are many who would still consider themselves fairly liberal who say it would have been better to preserve Greece against the Romans or barbarians than to stand by and see it overrun by Rome and, actually, even later by barbarians. If these are fair examples of true liberalism, I decline to indorse it, and I think it is a fair criticism, because I believe that ideals are not garden weeds. They do not just take care of themselves; they are inspirational and have to be maintained by enthusiasm and by sacrifice. It is the same way with social organization; it has to be maintained against these invasions, or there will be no organization. If the liberals say not to bother, but to let this other organization come in if it will, well and good; only that does not seem to be reasonable and certainly not admirable or desirable.

In this particular symposium I did not say anything which should cause an intelligent Jew to quarrel with my position. I simply said that I saw no reason why a race as gifted, as definite, as religious in its predilections should not be willing to occupy a country of its own, and what is wrong with that argument I still fail to see. The Jew insists that when he invades Italy or France or America or what you will, he becomes a native of that country—a full-blooded native of that country. You know yourself, if you know anything, that that is not true. He has been in Germany now for all of a thousand years, if not longer, and he is still a Jew. He has been in America all of two hundred years, and he has not faded into a pure American by any means, and he will not. As I said before, he maintains his religious dogmas and his racial sympathies, race characteristics, and race cohesion as against all the types or nationalities surrounding him wheresoever.

For that reason I maintain that it is the hour in which laissez-faire liberalism might be willing to step aside at least to the extent of suggesting to or even advising the Jew to undertake a land of his own. I say this because I am for nationalism as opposed to internationalism. I think that differences in population in the world will always exist, and that it is

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interesting and better that there should be differences, if for no more than the matter of entertainment and of developing new characteristics through the various mediums which differences invariably give rise to.

So what?

October 10, 1933 DREISER

DEAR DREISER:

I have your letter of October 10; and to say that I am surprised and disappointed is to put it mildly. I thought, as you know, that the original symposium about the Jews in the *American Spectator* was unfortunate in its probable results. But I did not think that what you wrote there amounted to definite anti-Semitism.

This letter of yours, however, is a clear expression not only of anti-Semitism but of intense nationalism in general. If you hadn't signed the letter I might have thought that it was written by a member of the Ku Klux Klan or a representative of Hitler. . . .

Your statements about the Jews are far from being true. . . .You say that the Jews "do not represent the day laborers of the world, but are by preference lawyers, bankers, brokers, merchants, money-lenders and brokers, and middlemen."

But as a matter of fact the very great majority of Jews in the United States are laborers. They constitute a very large majority of the needle workers and the sweatshop workers here. The poor Jews in New York throw into complete shadow the wealthy Jews, so far as numbers are concerned. It is equally true also that the non-Jews are "by preference lawyers, bankers, merchants, money-lenders, brokers, and middlemen." The non-Jews are not by preference day laborers, needle workers, or sweatshop workers.

Again you say: "If you listen to Jews discuss Jews, you will find that they are money-minded, very pagan, very sharp in practice . . . and usually have the single objective of plenty of money . . ."

Of how many non-Jews, I will ask, are not these things also true? Meanness, stupidity, and sharp practice are as universal as the more sympathetic qualities, and equally distributed among the nations and races. These things are individual characteristics, not national or racial.

You also state that the Jews keep their religion and racial characteristics. On the contrary, one of the most marked things about the Jews is that they drop their religion in the second generation after reaching America, and that they would be more than willing to drop their race if the non-Jews allowed them to do so. The "race," whatever that may be, has been kept alive by the unfriendly attentions of the non-Jews. Certainly the Jews would have been much more nearly assimilated if they had not been for a great many years penned up together in ghettos, and the object of fanatical outrages, which of course helped still more to keep them together. By the attitude you express in your letter, which is a frank statement that you would like, if possible, to have the Jews removed from America, you do something which would strengthen their racial and national consciousness.

However, even if all you say in your letter were true—which is far from being the case—your attitude would be, in the real sense of the word, barbarous. You go back on our cherished civilization, on what has been painfully attained during hundreds of years. A part of our culture is the recognition of the evil of religious and racial intolerance and persecution, and no man who is a part of our civilization can safely ignore it, otherwise he is either ignorant or an *agent provocateur,* and therefore a danger to the peace of the community, for in a time like this it is easy to stir up trouble. For you, who ought to be a leader in our civilization, to take this barbarous attitude is to me inexplicable on any decent ground. Ignorance, as I have said, is the only tolerable excuse, and even that is hardly tolerable. . . .

October 18, 1933 HUTCHINS HAPGOOD

DEAR HAPGOOD:

Two months ago I had your reply to my letter, and would have answered it except for pressure of other matters. . . .

You say I exaggerate the number of Jews in the United States. I do not think so. It is true that the census for 1927 shows the total Jewish population in the United States to be 4,288,000 as against a total population of 118,000,000, but the accuracy of this can certainly be questioned, particularly in the face of the fact that so many Jews deliberately pass as Americans, using American names, and, to a degree, this would be further qualified because of the number of half-Jews and quarter-Jews who, none the less, because of their Jewish blood, adhere racially and religiously with Jewry. I notice that the "World Almanac" gives the Jewish population of New York City in 1927 as 1,765,000 and that of Chicago as 325,000. Anyone who has observed New York, Chicago, Cleveland, or Los Angeles on a Jewish holiday or, more particularly, on Jewish religious fast and feast days, would know that these figures are ridiculous. New York is practically deserted. You would think that all but one-third of the people had retired to their homes, and in Chicago the impression is that at least one-third of the life, if not more, has departed from the city, which would certainly bring the Jewish population there to over a million. Besides, these figures are for 1927, not 1934.

Another of your deductions from my letter is that I should like to have the Jews removed from America. I said nothing about removing them, and I actually think that Germany, in assaulting, torturing, and robbing them, and driving them forth without means or a land of their own to go to, acted not only without social justice but without wisdom. A decent way, if the Germans felt they could not live with them, would have been to negotiate with them and the powers of the world for land and social opportunities of an equal character elsewhere. In fact, a great opportunity for statesmanlike posing of a difficult national as well as international problem, if it was one, was lost by not entering into negotiations with the German Jews as a people, and then and there posing the problems seemingly so irritating to the German people. With the wisdom and genius of the Jews on the one hand, and with the associated statesmanship of Germany and the other nations on the other—for foreign aid could and should have been secured—a peaceful and, what is more, very likely an illuminating and generally beneficial solution of the difficulties might have been reached. As it is, Germany now stands indicted of barbarism, and that indictment will not be easily set aside. Certainly it could have done no harm publicly and internationally to thrash out this age-old quarrel between the Jews and the peoples with whom they have found themselves associated. For I hold that either they are to be accepted and joined up peacefully and fraternally with all nations everywhere or they are not. And if not, then most certainly they

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should have been provided not only with an important and suitable territory of their own in which to display their social genius, but with the means to transfer themselves. Otherwise no decency. And if that is related to "removing" them in the sense that you use the word in connection with my letter, then you are welcome to that use of it—but none other.

What really should be done, if the various nations now quarreling with the Jew and his internationalism wish to be fair, is this: they should call an international conference with all Jewry and therein thrash out all the problems now seemingly worrying so many of the nations as well as the Jews, and by wise counsel on the part of all reach as acceptable a program as possible. I see no other honest or fair way to deal with the Jews. And they, scattered and quarreled with in so many places and nations, should be the first to welcome it. . . .

In connection with . . . my discussion of the Jews, you assert that "the most marked thing about the Jews is that they drop their religion in the second generation after reaching America, and that they would be willing to drop their race if the non-Jews allowed them to do so." Primarily, I should like to have the opinions of ten different Jews in various walks of life—religious, legal, commercial, artistic, labor, and the like—and see how heartily, if at all, they would agree with you. I have noted the growth of architecturally aesthetic Jewish synagogues America over. I note the current call for the reestablishment of the Saturday Jewish Sabbath. I note the appearance of New York and Chicago at such times as the Jews enter upon their religious observances of the Passover and related religious days, and I am not ready to believe what you say. I think you are blinking realities because you greatly admire and strongly sympathize with a brilliant and gifted people. My own observation as to the Jew's tendencies in this respect is different. More, I greatly respect their race and religious solidarity even though you personally proceed to dismiss the Jewish race as a myth. I quote you: "the 'race,' whatever that may be." Imagine! Then there are no Semites and hence no anti-Semites. Be reasonable. . . .

You call me barbarous and anti-Semitic—even "Jew-hating and Jew-baiting." As you please, but I am supposedly barbarous and anti-Semitic because in the face of all the attacks upon the Jews, their crucifixion in Germany and elsewhere, I rise to assert that these very gifted and highly integrated and self-protective people are, whatever their distinguished equipment, mistaken in attempting to establish themselves as Jews, with their religion, race characteristics, race solidarity, and all, in the bosom, not of any one country or people, but rather in the lands of almost every country the world over, the while they assert that they are not Jews but Germans, Frenchmen, Englishmen, Americans, Russians, Poles, Hollanders, Italians, Hungarians, Turks, Rumanians, what you will. It is not reasonable. It is not the way—especially since, being as gifted as they are, they so rapidly rise to power and affluence wherever they go. To say the least, it is provocative of comment and in all too many cases of jealousy, the jealousy of the not so clever and gifted of those who are so much more clever and truly gifted in so many ways. And though I be counted barbarous and anti-Semitic and what you will, I now rise to assert that, having grown in wealth and numbers and ability and distinction the world over, it is time as well as wisdom for them to realize that they are, after all, a dispersed and in many ways annoyed race or put-upon nation, and that, as such—anti-Semitism being what it is today, culture and liberality to the contrary notwithstanding—they should now take steps to assemble and consider their state and their future. There are lands as well as nations—international statesmanship being what it is at this hour—which should be willing and able to furnish them forth not only with an entirely adequate country but with the loans and equipment necessary to start them upon an independent and, as I see it, certain to be successful and even glorious career as a nation. And to that I should think—the Zionist movement being what it is—they should be willing and even anxious to subscribe.

But not wanting that, some anti-nationalistic if not anti-social feeling or mood animating them, why not a program of race or nation blending here in America, the type or kind of race or nation blending that has been in progress here since America was founded among the English, French, Germans, Italians, Poles, Hungarians, Russians, Swedes, Chinese, and others? They have all come as members of separate races and nations, yet slowly and surely they have been absorbed in that strange and perhaps worthless people they dub American. As Shaw urged only recently, why not every Jewish male forced to marry a Gentile female, and every Jewish female a Gentile male? Would not that solve this very vexing question of how the Jew is to be disposed of among the various races and nations of the world? . . .

December 28, 1933 THEODORE DREISER

DEAR DREISER:

I have delayed answering your letter of December 28, partly because I have had little time, and partly because your tone in this letter is so different from that of your original article and first letter that it seems to leave the discussion rather pointless.

You make, to be sure, some of the same misstatements and preposterous statements that you made before. For example, you calculate the Jewish population by the impressions (!) you get on Jewish holidays! I would not recommend you to suggest this method to statisticians or to anyone who knows what accuracy and scientific procedure mean.

This latest letter of yours, although written in a tone that does not so easily arouse one's indignation, yet recommends measures that are so obviously impossible of realization that they seem to be the results of an empty "wish-fulfilment." You wish the Jews removed from America and Europe, and so you unrealistically think this great desideratum (from your point of view) is possible of accomplishment. You would accomplish this removal by calling an international conference with all "Jewry," and either agree to find a land where they could all live or else determine on some means of assimilation. . . . The idea of taking thirteen or fourteen million people—you say about thirty-seven million in the United States alone—away from their homes, their habits, their work, their business, their non-Jewish friends, their traditions . . . is so unrealistic that it could not be entertained for a moment by any rational man, except one instigated by the wish-fulfilment processes.

The second suggestion you make, assimilation, is not only rational but is actually taking place, and would take place much more rapidly and go as far as is socially desirable were there no anti-Semites who by their intolerance and cruelty retard this process of natural union. . . .

February 28, 1934 HUTCHINS HAPGOOD

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Berthold Jacob Silenced

By LUDWIG LORE

BERTHOLD JACOB, the anti-militarist writer and propagandist whom Nazi agents kidnapped in Switzerland and took into Germany, may be alive or he may have been killed. No word has come as to his ultimate fate. But he realized what he had to expect when the automobile into which he had been enticed rushed past the Swiss border guards. He knew his enemies too well to look for mercy at their hands and could only hope for a speedy death. This, at least, was not granted him. It is known that the Nazis subjected him to the unspeakable tortures whereby they extract from opponents their secrets and the names of their coworkers. For seven days they racked Jacob's defenseless body until his strong mind broke and he named the men from whom he had been receiving information. Four of these, more fortunate than the rest, were put to death at once; six others were thrown into the dungeons of the Gestapo for further "examination."

If there was one man whom Germany's rulers hated more than all the rest, that man was Berthold Jacob. He knew their secrets, their plans, their crimes. He saw Nazi Germany through the eyes of its secret enemies and told the tales they dared not tell. He was no artist, no stylist. His strength lay in facts, not in words. But he had the qualities which make for superlative journalism—an intuitive sense for news and the courage which forgets danger when it is on the scent of sensational information. Where his colleagues saw bare and not always exciting fact, he ferreted out a network of crime and intrigue. But his journalism was lifted out of the realm of sensational news-mongering by its passionate devotion to an ideal and its relentless hatred of fascism and National Socialism.

Since the end of the World War Germany has had its share of political sensations and scandals. The most important of them were brought to the attention of the public by Berthold Jacob. He made his sensational exposure when he told the inside story of the Black Reichswehr, a secret group of political assassins created out of the Reichswehr by that same General von Seeckt who has now been recalled from China to organize Germany's new conscript army with the help of General von Ludendorff. He delved into the secrets of the Feme which murdered Rathenau. The German government made frantic efforts to hush up the activity of these monarchist and militarist terrorists but Jacob brought the facts of this incredible conspiracy into the light of day with such relentless persistence that public opinion finally forced the authorities to put an end to the Black Reichswehr and its activity.

But such attacks on the very citadel of German militarism were not to go unavenged, particularly when Jacob showed no intention of stopping with exposure of the tools used by German reaction to accomplish its purpose. When Heines and Schultz, the murderers of Erzberger, were brought to justice in March, 1927, Jacob wrote in the *Weltbüne:* "Schultz deserves his fate. But his judges should not forget that he was merely a German soldier who carried out the commands of his superiors, that those behind him, Captain Keiner and Colonel von Bock, probably also Colonel von Schleicher and General von Seeckt, are no less guilty."

This open challenge to the clique which held republican Germany in the hollow of its hand could not be ignored. Berthold Jacob and his friend Carl von Ossietzky, the editor of the *Weltbühne*, were indicted and condemned to eighteen and twelve months in prison respectively. Their trial was a farce. Witnesses for the defense were terrorized or, where they dared to appear, were not permitted to testify. Several months later Major Buchrucker, implicated in the trial of the Feme murderer Willems, testified to save his own skin that the court must go over the heads of the tools who carry the guns to the heads of the Reichswehr to find the men responsible for these crimes.

Jacob's crowning achievement was the famous Joerns trial. Captain Joerns was one of the investigating judges in the murder of Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg. Ten years later Jacob published material which revealed this flower of the German judiciary in his true light, and showed that he had falsified legal documents, forged passports, and assisted the accused murderers to flee from justice. In his epochal speech as assistant prosecutor against Joerns, the famous Paul Levi called this man the "greatest scoundrel who ever sat on a judge's bench." But true virtue finds its reward. Judge Joerns was acquitted and has now become chief prosecutor in the National Socialist People's Court. If Berthold Jacob should live to see a Nazi court he will be prosecuted by the man whom he would have brought to justice for aiding and abetting one of the most dastardly and politically most significant crimes in the nation's history.

Aside from these occasional fliers in retributive justice, Jacob concentrated his attention chiefly on the subject of German militarism and armaments. The material he collected against the militarists who ruled and still rule the Reich is as stupendous as it is unassailable. After fleeing from Hitler's Germany he published a regular news service in Strasbourg devoted chiefly to military information for the use of anti-Nazi writers and periodicals outside of Germany. Half a year ago he informed a somewhat incredulous world that April 1 would find conscription back in the Reich. This was no fantastic prophecy. Jacob knew whereof he spoke.

What can be done to save this man from his awful fate—if he is not already dead? The Swiss government is leaving no stone unturned to obtain his release. It has sent a sharp protest to Berlin. It has arrested Dr. Hans Wesemann, the Nazi agent who enticed Jacob to his doom, and is holding him as a hostage. But what of the other governments, the great powers whose word might conceivably be heard in the Reich? How often have Nazi agents violated the sovereignty of other countries since January, 1933? How often will they do it again? Lessing and Formis were murdered on Czecho-Slovakian soil. German plotters planned the Austrian uprising of July 25 and the assassination of Dollfuss. How many more will pay before the nations of Europe wake up to the fact that Nazi crime is finding all doors and all borders open?

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How the Holding Companies Milk Investors

By A. WILFRED MAY

A CONSIDERABLE furor has been raised by the proposed legislative restriction against the public-utility holding companies and the President's specific indorsement of the Wheeler-Rayburn bill. The spokesmen of the holding companies have agitated violently against the bill. Their opposition has taken the form of a passionate plea for the interests of their downtrodden investors, who must not be destroyed. Wendell L. Willkie, president of the Commonwealth and Southern Corporation, recently told the House Interstate Commerce Committee that the market price of utility securities had dropped $3,500,000,000 since January, 1933, as a result of the government's anti-holding-company policies. He contended that the Wheeler-Rayburn bill "will destroy or greatly impair the value of investments now held by millions of men, women, children, colleges, hospitals, churches, and the like throughout the country." The American Liberty League is also concerned with the interests of the "investor," as thus promulgated: "A considerable part of investments aggregating $10,000,000,000 in securities of public-utility *operating* companies would be jeopardized by their separation from holding companies." Philip H. Gadsden, voluble chairman of the Committee of Public Utility Executives, has said: "The issues are simple. Shall innocent investors everywhere throughout the country have their investments destroyed to further an untried and utopian scheme of economic reform?"

What are the facts? Has the holding company really been a friend of the investor and the consumer? The truth is that the holding company has crucified both the investor and the consumer. It is and always has been, both in theory and in practice, a gigantic instrument of spoliation and injury to a great army of investors—that is, to the *real* investors, who hold the limited income securities of the operating and other underlying companies. Through the employment of a multitude of devious methods, the holding company has siphoned off and captured the assets properly belonging to these real investors. As the holder of the common stock of the operating companies, it has shown a total disregard of the interests of the senior security holders—that is, of the real investors. It has erected upon the stock of the operating companies a pyramid of complicated capital structures, the effect of which has of necessity been to drain off assets composing the cushion of safety properly belonging to the senior security holders. Legalized and approved financial monkeyshines have been the usual practice—with the impotent investor in the role of goat.

Mr. Willkie recently sought to make it appear that the holding company is a "financial reservoir" for the benefit of the operating company. This is sheer buncombe. It is the operating companies that have provided the reservoir; the parasitic holding company has been the drain. Under general corporate financial practice and its system of absentee ownership the bondholder has little enough protection against all manner of dilutions. In the case of the holding company set-up, the evils are additionally aggravated, because here the interests of the senior security holders and those of the all-powerful equity stockholders are directly and dynamically antithetic. So it is not a question of protecting or destroying all investors, but of which *particular* group of security holders is to be saved—the real investors in operating-company bonds and preferred stock, or the owners of holding-company equities, who are only imaginary investors.

Misleading accounting furnishes one method by which a parent company siphons off in dividends funds belonging to senior security holders. This is illustrated in the case of the Iowa Public Service Corporation, where a good part of the necessary depreciation charge was excluded from the income statements over a period of years, and was finally allowed for by reducing the amount at which the common was valued. This company, with a property valued at $25,000,000, reported a depreciation charge of only $78,000 in 1929, and it was not until 1932 that it was admitted that $1,500,000 too little had been charged for depreciation in prior years. Then a revamping of the capital structure was made, which legitimitized the action of the parent company, the American Electric Power Corporation, in taking out in dividends an amount in excess of the true earnings and the entire initial surplus combined.

The American Water Works and Electric Company, on the other hand, has regularly employed two different bases for calculating property amortization charges, one for its security holders carrying extremely low charges, and another for the United States Revenue Department with more correct charges. Thus a write-off representing losses of $9,000,000 was entirely excluded from the system's statements to investors. Column I below shows the amounts by which the earnings reported to stockholders exceeded the real earnings as reported to the government; Column II shows the balance of earnings for the common stock as shown in the tax returns; and Column III shows the excessive amounts taken out in parent-company cash dividends in the respective years.

Year	I	II	III
1930	$3,416,000	$2,701,000	$3,009,818
1931	8,402,000	1,123,000	5,250,554
1932	7,977,000	1,880,000 deficit	3,464,000
1933	5,800,000	2,040,000 deficit	1,745,761

The deleterious effect on the system of these excessive dividend payments is shown in actual annual deficiencies in consolidated working capital ranging from $1,622,278 to $3,813,315 during the period.

The Midland United Corporation, controlled through stock ownership by the Commonwealth Edison Group, paid out to the parent companies $1,006,000 more than it earned in 1931, and in 1932 it paid out $260,000 in preferred dividends, despite a prior deficit of $1,926,000 and despite in-

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creasingly large deficits in working capital, ordinarily the main protection afforded to the bondholders. The company entered bankruptcy in 1934, to the evident discomfiture of the investors in $143,000,000 of subsidiaries' bonds and in 236,137 shares of its own preferred stock. Where was the financial reservoir alleged to be present in the parent companies?

Lest these instances be deemed exceptional, let us consider, as an example of approved dividend policy, the procedure of the North American Company system, established in 1890 and generally offered as a paragon of "clean" methods. The North American Company is not a top holding company, being itself controlled by the Harrison Williams interests, and the North American Edison is not the basic company, since it controls twenty-nine subsidiary companies, but together they furnish a convenient peg for discussion. North American, owning all the common stock of North American Edison and controlling the entire directorate of the latter, took out in common dividends in 1932, 1933, and 1934 amounts far in excess of the available earnings. Consequently an actual deficit of $538,000 (in addition to $797,000 charged directly to surplus) occurred in 1932, of $748,000 (in addition to $3,557,000 charged to surplus) in 1933, and of approximately $600,000 in 1934. The common dividends in these three years totaled $15,500,000, leaving a working capital of but $12,000,000 as a cushion for the holders of some $393,000,000 of prior bonds and preferred stock. The result of this policy has been that the equivalent bonds and preferred stock of the upper holding company have enjoyed a better investment rating than those of the underlying company.

Similarly, the Washington Railway and Electric Company, controlled by the North American Company, declared an extra special dividend of $20 a share in 1934 and optimistically repeated this performance early in 1935. This dividend, amounting to $1,300,000, caused a deficit in 1934, and reduced the working capital from $2,926,000 to $2,208,000 in a single year. Moreover, the parent North American Company, itself being controlled by interests sorely in need of cash, in 1934 decided to declare cash dividends on its own stock for the first time in a decade, and in 1935—of all times—has seen fit to double the rate to $1 a share. In this system the holding company has 63,965 stockholders against 75,860 in the underlying companies. So even from a quantitative standpoint the wrong group is being succored.

Another instance of the holding company's true role in relation to the investor is the procedure employed by Ellis L. Phillips, president of the Long Island Lighting Company. According to testimony, he and his associates manipulated the securities of their holding companies in such fashion that they garnered a private profit of $34,000,000 in eleven months of the year 1928. In this complicated and amazing case it has been disclosed that the public, through the purchase of holding-company securities, contributed the entire investment upon which the aforementioned profit was made. In the words of Stuart Ross, accountant for the Mack Legislative Committee, "this was not a case where the price paid for stock represented money that can be traced back to the direct development of the underlying operating companies. Here we have a case of the public putting up about $46,000,000 of cash to finance what was in effect a private transaction." The net result has been that the holding-company officials possess their huge profit, while all except two issues of the securities which were involved in the complicated transaction are now unable to yield dividends to the investors.

The Associated Gas and Electric System has been foremost among the organizations which are flooding the press and Congress with protests against the proposed Wheeler-Rayburn bill. In a letter to its bondholders dated March 13 they "urge opposition to this bill which cannot but seriously affect all utility securities. We believe that consumers and employees—and utility security holders—will all suffer if this bill is passed." Let us consider how this pyramided structure, which consisted of 255 separate companies (of which one-half were not even engaged in utility operations), furthered the interests of its 300,000 investors.

One of the ways in which this company displayed its solicitude for its investors was to force many of its bondholders to exchange their bonds for stock as soon as the system's finances became precarious. When they questioned this procedure, bondholders were shown a provision printed in well-nigh invisible type on the face of the bonds, giving the company—not the bondholder—the unique privilege of forcing the holder to accept equity stock in place of his security of supposed investment character. Further, the earnings of many of the underlying companies of Associated Gas were not taken out in the form of dividends, though they were carried on the books of the holding company as a distribution of earnings of the subsidiaries. In some instances it was just unwillingness to bother to declare the dividends, but in many more cases there were no actual earnings. It has further been disclosed that the parent company regularly collected income taxes from its subsidiaries, but by means of consolidating its income reports it never paid a dollar in taxes to the Treasury Department. Instead, it siphoned off these funds in interest and dividend payments on its own securities.

In 1929 this parent company took from one of the subsidiaries, the Associated Utilities Investing Company, a special "dividend" of $21,000,000. This sum had been derived by the subsidiary from profits it made in selling stock of the parent company—in "stock-jobbing"—partly to outside investors and partly to subsidiaries within the system. Incidentally, while guarding their precious flock of investors, the president and vice-president of the parent company, Messrs. Hopson and Mange, according to competent testimony, found time in a single year to take profits of $20,000,000 derived from securities transactions with subsidiaries and affiliates. These profits were garnered through companies personally owned and controlled by these officials.

There are many other methods by which the operating utilities of this country have been exploited by the holding companies. But those I have described show plainly that from the investor's point of view, holding companies have no reason for existence. They are anti-social financial devices serving no useful purpose. They have offered a legal method for parasitic high finance to garner huge profits to itself, and to crucify the real investors in the subsidiary companies. The Wheeler-Rayburn bill is not perfect, but it is a move in the right direction. If no other way can be found to restore the rights of genuine investors, then the holding company must be abolished.

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Stalemate in Minnesota

By ERIC THANE

St. Paul, Minnesota, March 28

SHABBILY dressed men and women mill around the bulging pillars of Italian marble. They jostle one another against the massive railings. Some of them speculate upon the classical harvest scenes in the murals below the great dome of the Capitol. Frequently they cheer loudly. A speaker on the balcony of the rotunda is shouting hoarsely: "The workers and farmers realize they have a common cause. . . ." Signs and banners bob above the crowd. Their message is plain: "Don't starve—Fight!" "Money talks, but we have no money!"

"You know," muses the police officer at my side, "If you and I were out of jobs we'd be in that crowd. Why, I saw some of these people with their feet out of their shoes —in this weather! Somebody's going to have to do something for 'em pretty soon. . . . They hadn't ought to let a few guys pile up millions."

I allow myself the reflection: "What if a lot of cops start feeling this way?"

There are five thousand of "these people" in the building and on the steps outside. They are mostly destitute farmers and workers. Calling themselves the United Front, they represent varying shades of political opinion but are united in the realization that they are being denied a living by an economic system that no longer functions for them. They have come from all parts of the state to the Capitol in St. Paul to impress their plight forcefully upon the Minnesota legislature, chief among their demands being the passage of a state unemployment-insurance bill patterned after the Lundeen, or Workers' bill, now before Congress. Theirs is the second march on the Capitol within a week.

As the policeman and I speculate upon the sight before us, spokesmen for the throng are presenting their demands to the lawmakers in the House chamber. But their words must fall, for the most part, on deaf ears. The voters of Minnesota went to the polls last November and elected a radical Farmer-Labor governor who had repeatedly told them that capitalism was fast decaying. Then they elected a legislature composed overwhelmingly of reactionaries. Thus anything that smacks of constructive social legislation has small chance of even getting out of the committees.

The accomplishments of the legislature so far are virtually nil. It was only after a month and a half of delay that it finally passed the $10,000,000 relief appropriation required by the Federal Emergency Relief Administration to entitle the state to forty millions or more in federal relief funds in the next two years.

During the month and a half that the legislature was delaying the relief appropriation cattle and other live stock were dying by the thousands in the drought-stricken areas in western Minnesota. Late in February the Associated Press, after a survey in the fourteen drought counties in the state, reported that more than 5,000 head of stock had died during the winter for want of feed. Farmers had been forced to sell 145,000 head above their normal quota. One investigator reported: "I have called on farms and found as high as a dozen head of cattle, hogs, and horses that have died from actual starvation." "Conditions in parts of the drought area are almost unbelievable," said John Bosch, president of the Minnesota Farm Holiday Association, who led the first march of farmers on the legislature.

The desperate plight of the people in western Minnesota finally moved the Federal Relief Administration to increase feed allotments there from the paltry $25 a month per farm provided by the relief regulations, but it did not move the Senate finance committee. The chairman of this group, Senator A. J. Rockne, is the dean of the tories in the legislature. It was he who was largely to blame for holding up the relief bill on one flimsy pretext after another.

After March 1 the delay in the relief bill meant the holding up of further federal relief funds, sorely needed in this state, where a fifth of the total population is on the relief rolls. In some of the drought counties more than 75 per cent of the people are dependent on relief. Lack of funds has forced virtual abandonment of work relief in favor of the straight dole.

At one point in the battle the foes of relief allowed themselves to become ridiculous when in a single day they passed a little $500,000 emergency drought-relief bill simply because a starving horse, cow, and hog were placed by a farmer in a small inclosure on the Capitol grounds as a protest against the dilly-dallying of the legislators.

The purpose of the march on the legislature of the 2,000 farmers of the Farm Holiday Association, which took place less than a week before that of the United Front, was to put forth demands for higher taxes on incomes, inheritances, and gifts, a graduated land tax designed to bear more heavily on large absentee-owned farm properties, and other measures for agricultural relief. Outstanding at this gathering was the address by Milo Reno of Des Moines, the gray-thatched leader of the national Farm Holiday movement, denouncing the "scarcity economics" invoked by Secretary Wallace and the Agricultural Adjustment Administration. After ridiculing the "sending out of experts to teach a Missouri mule to plow up cotton," he said, "If all the people in the United States were consuming as much as those in the $5,000 a year income class, we wouldn't have enough land in production now." Reno charged that President Roosevelt had broken his pledge to the people, adding that if he had kept it "we would have been out of this trouble in two weeks."

Cheers greeted the seventy-year-old speaker when he attacked the AAA corn-hog reduction contracts. 'The person who says those contracts were voluntary is a damned liar!" shouted Reno, "and I care not if he wears the toga of the President of the United States." He pointed out that the farmers were told that if they didn't sign, the money would be taken from the price of their hogs and paid to those who did sign. "I don't know who the Moses will be," he said, "but we must soon have a man who will lead the country to a government based on the principles of the Declaration of Independence. . . . It is my opinion that you

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have listened this afternoon to a man who will be the next President of the United States." This referred to Governor Olson, who in a speech to the farmers had demanded a change in the "damned system" responsible for their plight.

To get back to the progress of the legislature, only two major Farmer-Labor bills have been finally acted on. One was the bill for an amendment to the state constitution to permit the state to acquire and develop hydroelectric power resources and to issue bonds up to $50,000,000 for this purpose. The House killed it by a vote of eighty-seven to thirty-nine, and the Senate committee to which it had been referred promptly gave up consideration of it. The bill for a constitutional amendment providing for the initiative and referendum was likewise killed.

The bill for a state central bank still lies in committee. Also lying in committee is an important public-ownership bill introduced after the defeat of the state hydroelectric power proposal. It would allow municipalities to acquire, build, operate, or lease industries of a wide range classed by the measure as public utilities. Included in this classification are street railways, telephone systems, waterworks, gas works, electric lighting and power plants, docks, depots, and public markets. Cities would have the right to exercise the right of eminent domain in the condemnation of private property for public use.

The administration has sponsored bills for increased inheritance taxes on the larger bequests, increased rates on money and credits, and increased income-tax rates, boosting the maximum from 5 per cent to 15 per cent, while leaving the 1 per cent rate on the lower taxable incomes. The income-tax proposal seems to be in for a trimming. The House tax committee has already indicated its disapproval, and the Senate, where the conservatives have nearly a two-thirds' majority, is certain to kill the bill. At the same time the conservatives are maneuvering to shift the burden of taxation to the lower income groups through some form of sales tax. Several major bills looking toward this end are now before the tax committees of both houses.

While the legislative majority has dawdled over constructive legislation it has busied itself with a Senatorial "investigation" directed at the Farmer-Labor administration. So far it has uncovered nothing of consequence, but it has won many columns of publicity in the conservative press for some of its sponsors. This, in fact, seems to be its purpose, rather than fact-finding. The bias of the whole proceeding has been demonstrated by the repeated refusal of the Senate investigating committee to permit minority members of that committee to cross-examine witnesses.

It will be a sad commentary on the protective instinct of the voters if many members of this legislature are not returned to private life at the end of their terms. It seems obvious that when the session ends the latter part of April the people will find that their representatives have done nothing to remedy the economic maladjustments afflicting the farmer, laborer, and white-collar worker. Many perhaps already realize this. It is significant that along with the cheers for Governor Olson at the Farm Holiday demonstration there were cheers at the mention of Huey Long and Father Coughlin. It has been a bitter winter. Relief rolls are as large as ever, and relief allowances are smaller. Old Milo Reno probably was not talking through his hat when he warned the legislators: "If you don't think, somebody might do your thinking for you, and the result might not be so happy!"

Twenty-nine Men in Contempt

By GERTRUDE MARVIN WILLIAMS

By wire from Wilkes-Barre, April 5

[Since my article was written, the tension in the anthracite coal region has vastly increased. A bomb placed in Judge Valentine's car wrecked it on one of Wilkes-Barre's busiest corners where the Judge's daughter had parked it a few minutes earlier. Previously the violence has centered on miners' homes. This attack on a young woman following a series of threatening letters to the Judge has deeply angered the community. The insurgent union immediately disclaimed responsibility and posted a reward of one hundred dollars for the arrest of those responsible. The situation has been brought to the attention of the State Attorney General who made an investigation and reported to the Governor. Governor Earle has invited all parties to confer with him. Attorneys for the imprisoned labor leaders are applying for writs of habeas corpus.]

Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, March 31

TWENTY-NINE Pennsylvania miners went to jail last month for contempt of court. Fifteen had preceded them. Ninety-one more men and women have been cited on petition of the Glen Alden Coal Company. Their cases will be heard early in April. The twenty-nine are officials of an insurgent union on strike. They refuse to obey a mandatory order to rescind a strike call. They say they will die in jail first. The court, having issued the order, declares that unless and until anarchy overtakes us, court orders must be obeyed. Both miners and court find themselves out on the end of a limb.

The impasse which they have created hangs low over the heads of the 300,000 men, women, and children of Wilkes-Barre and the Wyoming Valley, impalpable and sinister as a London fog. Junior League shows, inspirational lecturers, Chamber of Commerce Prosperity Weeks carry on as usual. On Saturday nights, Main Street and the movie houses are as packed with miners and their families as is New York's Broadway with out-of-town buyers.

But almost every night since early February somewhere in the Wyoming Valley, the earth has shaken, houses have trembled, windows crashed, children screamed in terror. Not earthquake rumblings these, but explosions of dynamite that have punctuated the course of a bitter inter-union conflict. The United Mine Workers are trying to suppress an outlaw union, sprung from its loins in the last two years. At the moment, they can stand back and smile while the Glen Alden Company, until last year the largest producer of anthracite in the world, fights their battle for them.

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This revolt of an insurgent group against the old school American Federation of Labor leadership parallels the similar though unrelated rebellion which the United Mine Workers have attempted to crush in Illinois. Its significance multiplies against a nationwide background of efforts by the young blood of organized and unorganized labor to throw off the A. F. of L. and build itself a less bureaucratic and more aggressive leadership.

Except for this background of labor restlessness, the rise of the insurgent United Anthracite Miners since 1933 appears to be circumstantial. The miners had their grievances against the U.M.W. officials. But a group of 160,000 human beings always has grievances, and real ones. It seems probable that the new union came into existence when it did because of the circumstance that at about the same time the U.M.W. expelled two men possessing the gift of leadership from its ranks, an Italian, Capellini, and an Irishman, Maloney. Capellini has disappeared from the foreground. Maloney remains, the protagonist in the immediate struggle. He is 42 years old, a native of Wilkes-Barre, has worked in the mines since he was nine, and is a veteran of the World War—all points which make him particularly eligible for insurgent leadership in this day of ready attack on "outside agitators." His appearance is also in his favor. He has keen blue eyes which meet you sharply when he talks. Of medium height and muscular build, he gives a sense of physical force and of quiet assurance. He is an effective speaker and has a devoted following.

Whether or not the grievances of the discontented miners against the old leadership justified the formation of the new union in August, 1933, is a question of more than historical importance. For unless these grievances were literally intolerable, there were decisive arguments against such a course.

The sad story of what substitute fuels, oil and coke, have done to the anthracite coal industry is familiar to everyone. Every strike with its stoppage of the coal supply forces additional coal consumers to learn to use oil burners, and wipes out markets which can never be recovered. It is suicide for the industry.

Another major difficulty is that the industry is overmanned. Some 40,000 miners in the Wyoming Valley have had no work for several years. They furnish a disaffected group ready to rally round any standard of revolt. But neither the United Mine Workers nor the new union can hope to put men back to work in collieries which have been closed for loss of markets. Coal is a sick industry. Pessimists call it a dying industry. The warfare of two unions fighting against each other for a rapidly diminishing number of jobs is merely an added infirmity.

Looming behind the assaults and bomb explosions which furnish sinister headlines for Wilkes-Barre breakfast tables lies the fact that the contract between the operators and the U. M. W., signed in 1930, will expire one year from this month. The insurgents realize that they must be strong enough to demand their signatures on the new contract if they are to survive. Maloney claims a membership of 45,000. Conservative estimates would grant him less than half that figure.

For the next year the new union must recruit thousands of new members and keep morale at fever heat. To do this, it must have strikes.

The United Mine Workers are also aware of the approach of April, 1936. This winter they began an intensive campaign for the extermination of the new union. In violation of previous agreements, a series of button days were held late in January. Committees of the old union guarded the mine entrances and allowed only men wearing U. M. W. buttons to work. Violence and fighting ensued, groups of several hundred miners rushed each other. Scores of men were carried off to hospitals or their homes with cracked heads and broken bones. When the new union men failed to show up for their jobs, the foremen promptly filled their places with United Mine Workers.

This was a crucial moment. Several courses were open to Maloney. What he did was to call a strike on February 2. Five days later, at the request of the Glen Alden Coal Company, Judge W. A. Valentine issued a restraining order, which, after a hearing, he continued as a preliminary injunction and a mandatory order. The judge directed the new union officials to rescind their strike order pending final hearing on the company's petition for an injunction. He took the ground that the strike was unlawful because in 1930 when the last wage contract was signed, virtually all members of the insurgent union were members of the United Mine Workers. As such, they were held to have bound themselves to abide by the contract until its expiration in 1936. That contract provides that grievances shall be redressed through mediation and conciliation, and not by strikes. This is the solar plexus of the conflict.

Issuance of the court order was the signal for a terrorizing outbreak of violence. Members of both unions were assaulted, shot, and killed. Scores of men were injured. Threatening notes tied around bricks were hurled through kitchen windows, warning members to quit their jobs. Effigies of scabs and unpopular officials dangled from telegraph poles. Bombs exploded almost nightly, not only in miners' homes but in tenements housing many families.

The insurgent union appealed to the State Supreme Court from the local court's order directing them to rescind their strike call. The appeal did not, however, release them from obedience to the court's order for the reason that they failed to give bail in the amount of $50,000 as fixed by the court. Violence and bombing continued. Fifteen insurgent unionists were jailed for contempt in violating the court order against violence.

On March 4, officials and members of the new union were summoned to show cause why they should not be held in contempt of court for failing to call off the strike. On the morning of the hearing, between 4,000 and 5,000 miners marched back and forth past the Court House. They were quiet and orderly, carrying United States flags and placards proclaiming "We Want Justice" and "Defend the Constitution of the United States."

Forewarned, the authorities were ready with a force of 200 state and local police. They interpreted this assemblage of miners as an act of intimidation against the court. Orders were given to disperse the crowd. The police, mounted and on foot, charged. The miners took to their heels. Men with blood streaming down their faces dashed wildly through the streets, the police raining blows upon them with long riot sticks. It was a sickening sight. Seven men were admitted to city hospitals. Many others received treatment in their homes.

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On the third floor of the court house, removed from the ugly clamor, the hearing on contempt charges proceeded with order and dignity. The court met in a handsome lofty room, paneled in walnut. The light shining in through high set windows sifted down over the middle-aged court officers, the crowd of snappy police at the entrance, the solemn-faced group of miners' union officials, most of them young men.

All day long the hearing lasted. One after another the defendants took the witness stand. Each insisted that he had no authority to rescind the strike. It had been ordered by the votes of all the miners. Each official had called a meeting of his local and read the court order; that was all he could or would do.

Judge Valentine is a slender, scholarly looking man in his forties. He has the respect of his community as a man of integrity, courage, and legal ability. Frequently he supplemented the questions of the company counsel. Leaning forward almost wistfully, he would ask the witness whether, pending the decision of the State Supreme Court on the appeal he would not be willing to obey the court's order and recommend to his men that they call off the strike. Solemnly each miner insisted that he did not believe that the court had the right to make the order and therefore, he would not recommend that his men obey it. It was clever strategy by the coal company counsel to call these twenty-nine union officials into court and by questioning cause them to commit a direct contempt in open court, thus depriving them of any advantage under the Injunction Reform Act of 1931.

The scene was extraordinary. Here were two inflexible, highly charged forces pitted against each other in mutual determination not to yield. Twenty-nine young men braced themselves, grimly resolved to protect at all costs labor's right to strike. On the other side towered the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, determined to vindicate the power of its Court to enforce its decrees. In the end, the twenty-nine young men went to jail.

On the first night that these men spent in jail, an exceptionally heavy blast of dynamite rocked the entire valley, partially wrecking a railroad bridge across the Susquehanna. This destroyed a main outlet for several of the Glen Alden colleries. Groups of three and four hundred school children have declared sympathetic strikes. There is talk of a general strike. The Valley is a place of suspense. It is terrorized by the cumulative menace of increasingly serious explosions. It awaits with utmost suspense the decision of the State Supreme Court, date as yet unannounced.* This decision will determine whether the local court had the right to order the new union to rescind its strike call. Whichever way the decision goes, there will still be suspense. For, if the decision favors the court, the present situation will only be intensified. If it favors the men, it only gives them the right to call future strikes. It can not unravel the immediate snarl. The men will still be in contempt of the local court for refusing to obey its order pending the appeal. They will still be in jail. And the puzzle will still be, how to get them out.

* The Supreme Court hearing was held on April 4. Upon argument Mr. Justice Kephart remarked: "I don't see how the court could offer the men to meet and rescind the strike order. It seems to me we are compelling them to do something the court has no power to do." The Glen Alden Coal Company attorneys obtained a postponement of the decision while they file additional briefs.

Curtain Call

By HEYWOOD BROUN

THE more timid defenders of John Strachey were wholly wrong in one respect. He was and is extremely dangerous to the existing social order. I have heard most of the radical leaders and in my opinion Strachey is far and away the most persuasive of all the commentators on communism.

As a rule political economy comes before lecture audiences in somewhat gross containers but in the case of our recent guest you have a young man Tugwellian in mien and rather more incisive in intellect. A debate between these two gentlemen would certainly panic the entire circuit of American women's clubs. But I have no desire to belittle either the Under Secretary of Agriculture or the champion of the under dog. Strachey aroused enormous interest and enthusiasm in the colleges and was almost the perfect propagandist for all white-collar groups. I don't know how he'd fare with American coal miners or steel workers although I assume that he has had ample experience in talking to such groups in England.

There is no doubt in my mind that communism is on the march in America. It has begun to take hold and multiply. At the moment it has displaced "sex" as topic A in all the colleges. Of course, communist leaders will have to face the danger that the intellectuals will run away with the party. It could quite profitably dispense with some of its Methodist ministers and take on sand hogs and puddlers in exchange. And if by any chance a leader is found to bridge the gap between such groups communism will become almost immediately an important political factor.

I know that among the radicals the theory of the inspired leader is regarded as a romantic heresy. The observer will be told that the masses themselves supply the proper direction and channeling whenever the crisis becomes acute. This may be true even though it cannot be proved by the history of other political parties in America. We had, for instance, a whole parcel of presidents any one of whom might have settled the problem of slavery and avoided the Civil War. It just didn't turn out that way.

Even on a basis well this side of orthodox communism, America lacks men who can show the way. There ought to be a great popular response to Earl Browder's frequent plea for the foundation of a labor party on a broad united front. Here it is ten or fifteen minutes to curtain time and as yet the call has not been answered.

Norman Thomas had his chance but he has definitely muffed it. It seems to me that in recent years Mr. Thomas has gone quite mad about tactics. In spite of the present program which he espouses I think that Norman Thomas is essentially a liberal instead of a radical but when it comes to any sort of cooperation with groups to the left or right Norman Thomas becomes as rigid and doctrinaire as the most fanatical zealot. It is quite possible that I am unfair in this judgment, I may be pointing in the wrong direction. Nevertheless it is evident that somewhere or other there must be a fatal flaw in the leadership of Thomas. There is no getting away from the fact that "socialism" is no longer a rallying cry. America begins distinctly to line up in the

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traditional camps of communism and fascism. And there is very little room in the middle.

I speak from my own point of view which is that of a large middle-aged man in a parachute. It would be pleasant to think of myself as "an independent radical." In fact I used to do so. But the parachute is not holding up very well and the speed of my descent toward the earth has grown so great that it is silly to talk about independence. Indeed the only remaining choice seems to be as to whether I should break an arm, a leg, or my blooming neck. In any case it will be a lesson to me. Stout parties shouldn't jump out of semi-stable aircraft with no better protection than a parachute.

The trend to the left in America has been heightened by the growth of white-collar trades unions. If these groups are not radical in the beginning they almost invariably become so. And what causes that? Here the answer is easy. White-collar workers generally get started under the naive notion that they are wards of NRA and specially protected by Section 7-a. When it gives way beneath their feet and drops them in the icy waters of the lake they either drown or live to raise a high commotion.

Among the numerous witnesses that the prosecution failed to call was a Chicago federal agent. He had made a supposedly thorough investigation of the affair at the request of J. Edgar Hoover and the United States attorney general to determine if it were actually a Department of Justice man who drove the kidnap car, as Bins has said. The prosecution did call the man who proved, and who the district attorney admitted he knew would be, the best witness for the defense. This was Dr. Klein, who explained his superficial treatment of Herman's injuries with the remark that he "didn't think members of the Communist Party were entitled to any relief."

Judge Burgess would not admit evidence that Bins was armed at the time of his arrest. Neither was it permitted to be shown that he had accepted a retainer of $10 for "a job like the Herman ride" for a reported labor agitator in Waukesha, Wisconsin. Three other counts charging Bins with malicious destruction of property, not of one window but of several plate-glass store fronts and two offices, were dismissed at the request of the district attorney. Judge, jury, and prosecution thus seemed agreed that Bins had merely been "bragging," when he told three persons whom he believed to be wealthy employers that he had kidnapped Herman and terrorized Racine labor and unemployed leaders at the joint request of the American Legion and the Racine Association of Commerce.

Racine, Wisconsin, April 3 HANS CHRISTIAN

Correspondence

Postscript to Racine

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Appeals to Governor Phil La Follette by numerous labor and liberal groups for a special prosecutor having failed, Nick Bins, self-admitted slugger for Racine's American Legion inspired vigilante movement, was duly found not guilty of assault upon Samuel Herman, labor organizer. (The full story of Nick Bins was told in *The Nation* of February 27.) As the Racine *Day*, A. F. of L. controlled newspaper, said, "Nick Bins, Legionaire and beer salesman, was acquitted on a charge of assault, and Samuel Herman, kidnapped and beaten by vigilantes, was in effect convicted of communism in the Racine municipal court."

The court was that of Judge Roy Burgess, who a few weeks before had sentenced John Sekat, Communist, to one to two years in prison on the charge of breaking an automobile window during a strike at the Horlick Milk Company. At the moment Burgess passed sentence, there lay before him a sworn statement by one Julius Kapudja, a devout Catholic and employee of the Horlick Company for eighteen years, who confessed that it was he who broke the window. Judge Burgess refused to consider the confession.

The Bins defense, retained by the American Legion, made little pretense of clearing him of the crime. The strategy lay in attacking Herman. The defense counsel said he was only sorry Herman had not been taken for a longer and more severe ride.

The "prosecution" was handled by District Attorney John Brown and his assistant, "Lefty" Edwards, both of whom are proud of the parts they have played in ridding Racine of "communists and other dangerous radicals." The nature of the proceeding was reflected in the remarks of a conservative Racine attorney, who said, "This is the rawest thing I've ever seen in a Wisconsin court." Legionaire friends of Bins congratulated and thanked the "prosecutors." Six newspapermen, representing papers of all shades, agreed that it "was the best sell-out of the year."

Mr. Dill and Grand Coulee

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In the issue of *The Nation* for March 20 is an article entitled Grand Coulee, by James Rorty. In the first column the article makes this statement regarding myself:

> The farmers, townspeople, and small-time realtors of the Columbia Basin either know what it is all about, or else they do Senator Dill a grave injustice when they assure you that the former statesman has sunk all his considerable fortune in the desert which PWA money is expected to make bloom like a rose.

This is a veiled, insinuating statement by which Mr. Rorty tries to leave the impression in the mind of the reader that I own or have owned, or have interest in, large tracts of land in the Columbia Basin. In the first place, I do not have, nor did I ever have, any considerable fortune. In the second place, I do not now own and never have owned a single square foot of land in the whole Columbia Basin area; nor have I had, nor do I have now, any interest in any tracts of land developed or to be developed by this project, or in the vicinity of the dam or any of the government works.

This is simply a repetition of the lie that has been scotched so often that I thought it was dead. Last summer, when some of my political enemies repeated it, Mr. Glavis of the PWA made an investigation. He reported there was no evidence whatsoever of my ever having owned or dealt in Columbia Basin lands. I have a letter in my possession from the Honorable Harold Ickes, Secretary of the Interior, stating he has no evidence whatever of this kind.

This investigation came largely as a result of a muck-raking article written by Paul Mallon of Washington, D. C., for a newspaper syndicate. In that article he referred to a "Pacific Coast Senator" close to the Administration who had promoted a project under the PWA and was in danger of being exposed as a land speculator. He used no names, but my political enemies claimed he referred to me. I have a letter from him stating he had not referred to me.

The second absolutely false statement in Mr. Rorty's article is this:

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Senator Dill was elected with the support of the Inland Empire group, headed by the Spokane and Eastern Trust Company, which had for years been promoting the Columbia Basin project.

This is so absolutely opposed to the truth that I can't understand where Mr. Rorty ever got the idea. The fact is that the so-called Inland Empire group and the Spokane and Eastern Trust Company, through all the twenty years of my political career, fought me more continuously and more bitterly than any other political force in the State of Washington. In 1922 the president of the Spokane and Eastern Trust, a brother-in-law of the former Senator Poindexter whom I defeated, was the chief financial backer of the then Senator Poindexter. They never supported me at any time. Generally the so-called Inland Empire crowd contributed money to my opponent. Everybody in my home town of Spokane knows this so well that it seems impossible that anybody with any idea of stating facts would have made such a statement.

The third reference to my interest in lands of the Columbia Basin is a statement to the effect that my former secretaries, Frank Funkhouser and Frank T. Bell, own land in the Columbia Basin. Mr. Funkhouser does not own any land in the Columbia Basin nor has he owned any for twelve or fifteen years. I think he did own a half-section of wheat land there once, but sold it many years ago. Mr. Bell homesteaded there and has always made his home there. He has developed one of the most magnificent dairy and alfalfa ranches anywhere in the United States, out of sagebrush land on the shores of Moses Lake. He has bought and sold land in the Columbia Basin for many years, but tells me his holdings now are smaller than they have been at any time during the last twenty years.

Mr. Rorty or anybody else could have easily verified these facts. The truth is that consciously or unconsciously he is serving those interests that are trying to sabotage and kill the development of the Columbia Basin and the building of the Grand Coulee Dam. Those interests are the power trust.

I quit the Senate voluntarily on January 3, 1935. I have no political interests or political connections which he or anyone else can injure. These lies to the effect that I and my former political associates have invested money in raw lands of the Columbia Basin area, out of which we are to make large profits, have been proved false again and again. No reputable publisher in the State of Washington will print them.

An opponent of this great power development started these tales more than two years ago. Later, when he learned the truth, he wrote a letter of apology to me and gave a copy of the letter to the press. Ever since that time others have continued to repeat insinuations and veiled charges to the same effect, thereby making themselves dupes and tools of the power-trust crowd, who are resorting to every method possible to stop this great dam, which everybody knows will cut the cost of electricity to the people of the Far Northwest to one-third and one-fourth the present price.

The implications and statements in Mr. Rorty's article to the effect that land speculators can get rich by owning large tracts of cheap land is just as unfounded as his misrepresentations about me. He should know that the United States Reclamation Service will not permit anybody to secure water for more than 160 acres of land. If any landowner has more than 160 acres and desires to sell the excess land, he must sell it at the appraised value fixed by the Reclamation Service; else the Reclamation Service will refuse to furnish water for that land. That price has seldom exceeded $5 per acre on similar projects.

During all the years I was Senator from the State of Washington, I worked continuously to bring about the building of the Grand Coulee Dam. I had a large part in presenting the facts to President Roosevelt, which caused him to authorize this great development. I am proud of the part I have played in starting this project. It marks the beginning of the development of a new empire of more than two million acres of the richest soil in the world.

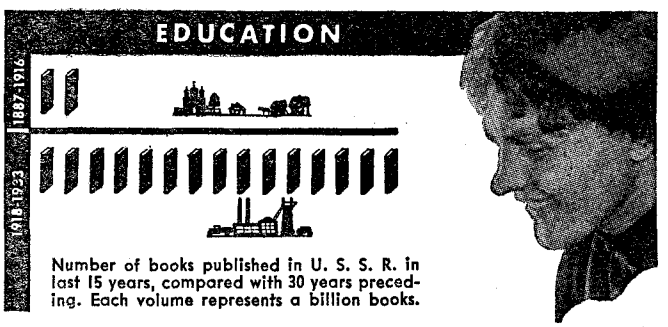
By supplying water to the fertile lands of the Columbia Basin area, the Grand Coulee Dam fits perfectly into the government's program of retiring marginal lands from use by purchasing them from their present owners. This water will provide thousands of new homes on the finest food-producing soil in North America for the farmers who sell their homes now located on marginal lands. The farmers who will come there will be able to secure their lands at the low prices which the Reclamation Service will fix, and the terrible exploitation pictured by Mr. Rorty will be like most of the other misrepresentations in his article, soon forgotten in the magnificence of the development.

Washington, March 25 CLARENCE C. DILL

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Senator Dill's letter was shown to me within a few hours of my departure for New Orleans, and I am handicapped in answering because I do not have at hand my files concerning the Grand Coulee project. However, since Senator Dill's points are for the most part general rather than specific, I can readily make the following points in reply:

1. I wrote that "The farmers, townspeople, and small-time realtors of the Columbia Basin either know what it is all about or they do Senator Dill a grave injustice when they assure you that the former statesman has sunk all his considerable fortune in the desert which PWA money is expected to make bloom like the rose." I am prepared to accept the second alternative and to apologize for intimating the first, provided Senator Dill's denial applies not merely to individual ownership of Columbia Basin land but to any interest, direct or indirect,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in the numerous realty and investment companies which now own that land. I think that if Senator Dill wishes finally to scotch the rumors to which he objects, he should, in justice to himself, make his denial as inclusive as I have suggested.

2. As to the support given by the "Inland Empire crowd" to Senator Dill in the 1928 election, that is a matter of defining what one means by the Inland Empire crowd. If one uses the phrase, as I did, to mean the people and interests who were actively backing the Grand Coulee project, which Senator Dill also by his own statement backed and helped to put through, I cannot understand Senator Dill's objection to my statement. I point out further that I specifically stated my belief that a percentage of the "Inland Empire crowd" were disinterested and genuine, if regional, patriots.

3. I regret that Senator Dill chose to ignore the point I made about the adverse effect of the Grand Coulee project upon the salmon industry of the Columbia River. Surely he would admit that if the allegations made by the Washington State Game Commissioner and commented upon by the *Astorian Budget* are pertinent to the discussion, a comment from Senator Dill's former secretary, Frank T. Bell, now United States Fisheries Commissioner, would also be valuable in this connection.

4. The main point of my article was not that the Grand Coulee project is not technically feasible or potentially highly beneficial in a planned economy—I specifically stated that I thought it was. My point was that, in view of the evidence of land speculation going on in connection with the project—and Senator Dill does not take issue with me on the existence of this speculation—it seems unlikely that the farmers who ultimately are supposed to till the Columbia Basin, as well as the country as a whole, will reap the benefit from the huge present and contemplated expenditure involved. The past history of reclamation projects would seem to indicate that not farmers but land speculators have chiefly benefited from the government expenditure on such projects. I doubt that any other result is likely to be obtained as long as "planning," and specifically condemnation, is subject to the economic and political determinants of the capitalist economy. Senator Dill is apparently more optimistic, but his letter, to my mind, does not justify his optimism.

New York, March 27 JAMES RORTY

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

While I can not ask *The Nation* to print a continued debate between me and Mr. Rorty, since he seems to question the breadth of my denial of interest in Columbia Basin land, let me add this statement in addition to what I have said:

I do not have any interest, and never have had any interest, "direct or indirect, in the numerous realty and investment companies which own" lands in the Columbia Basin, and that applies to everybody dead or alive, in heaven or the nether regions, now or hereafter.

Washington, March 30 CLARENCE C. DILL

A Rare Distinction

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I hesitated a long time about renewing my subscription to *The Nation*. Now I rejoice that I did renew it, and long for its coming to my breakfast table, and I cherish the knowledge that so remarkable a publication is to come to me each week. For *The Nation* has the rare distinction of being the only publication in the country that is always wrong on every question.

Brooklyn, February 7 ALONZO B. SEE

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Spring Book Section

On Academic Freedom

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

A FEW weeks ago *The Nation* made some editorial comment on the question of academic freedom. The occasion was the meeting of school superintendents and their discussions made it perfectly clear that the question is beginning to assume a new form.

Up to the present, the conflict has been chiefly between the liberal on the one hand and the conservative on the other—with the latter insisting that "dangerous ideas" be kept out of the schools and colleges while the former ridiculed the suggestion that any ideas could be dangerous and believed in the free school for the same reason that he believed in the free press. In many instances, however, the liberal of yesterday has become the radical of today and has acquired in the process of his transformation both an increased number of positive convictions and an increased tendency to hold such convictions in an intransigent manner. One result of this is that he begins to think less of the importance of free discussion and to insist more and more upon his duty to indoctrinate youth with his new convictions.

To take a specific instance, it no longer satisfies him to know that for many years one of the best known and most liberal professors at Columbia has been given a course called "Capitalism, Anarchy, Socialism, and Communism"; on the contrary he maintains as Professor Jesse H. Newton of Teachers College did at Atlantic City, that teachers should, as a minimum, insist upon the certainty that "capitalism is not the solution to the nation's difficulties." Thus the educator who has moved towards the left finds himself, in one respect, nearer than he was before to the position of the conservative. He no longer believes that the school is a place where the student should be exposed to conflicting ideas. Unlike the liberal he now agrees with the conservative that the school is, on the contrary, a place where "correct" opinions should be inculcated and he proposes in the future to fight with this conservative, not over the right either to be impartial or to teach what he believes, but primarily over the question of what is and what is not a "correct" opinion.

Now this change in the attitude of the protestant teacher towards one of the problems of his profession is, of course, merely one aspect of a more general change in the attitude of the liberal who finds himself moving toward the left. The question of academic freedom is only a special case of the question of free speech which is, in turn, only a special case of the general question of civil rights. And the liberal turned radical has, of course, taken up a new position in regard to this final question. He no longer holds, as he once did, that the right of free speech, along with the other civil liberties, is both an end in itself and a necessary condition for any continuing health in society. He may insist for the present upon his theoretical right to the civil liberties established by democracy, but that is merely because he is still a member of a minority and knows that only by claiming minority rights can he hope to be allowed to continue his various activities. At the same time he is inclined to argue that the very granting of such rights is evidence that the present order lacks faith in itself and he makes no pretense of believing that the new society for which he is fighting will permit similar freedoms to "counter-revolutionary" minorities. This new society will have neither the doubts about itself nor the uneasy conscience characteristic of capitalistic democracy and it will, therefore, have no reason to tolerate error.

In such a society the "free school" would obviously have no more place than the "free press" or the "free church." The state would be "totalitarian" and all the institutions concerned with the spread of ideas would naturally be controlled by a central authority, part of whose function would be to harmonize them with one another and with the official doctrine of the government itself. Against the prospect of such a condition the liberal may cry out in horror that it would mean the destruction of all free criticism and free inquiry but the radical replies that these have never been, in actual fact, more than pleasant fictions. Even the private individual is limited by his class interests and the teacher is powerless to oppose the pressure of politicians, trustees, and the public opinion of his community. Academic freedom means only the freedom to conform or, at most, to deviate to that insignificant extent which gives the ruling class a pleasant sense of its own liberality without actually putting it in danger.

Now there is certainly enough in the radical's case to make an argument. In the United States, at least, academic freedom has never been a very substantial reality in any except a small number of our many colleges and it has hardly been even a fiction in the public schools. Perhaps it has never been absolute at any time or in any place and if the conception is to be defended it can be only after a realistic examination of what, in actual practice, it can be expected to amount to.

Such a realistic survey immediately reveals the fact that teachers do enjoy certain freedoms which may be uncertain and ill defined but which are not, for all that, completely imaginary. Their right to profess what they believe or even to present as frankly as possible both sides of every question, may never have been granted, even in theory, and they may be subject besides to all sorts of intangible pressures. But if "capitalism" would like to control its schools as completely as fascism and communism control theirs, then it must be admitted at least that it has been signally less successful. Teachers do differ among themselves even when they happen to be teaching in the same state controlled schools, and private radical institutions for the exposition of revolutionary ideas do exist.

Recent developments have revealed how little academic freedom there is in the Italian department of Columbia University but it would be very wrong to jump to the conclusion that the University as a whole is committed to the teaching of any particular doctrine. The student newspaper is, for example, frankly radical in its sympathies, and

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it was a professor in Teachers College who announced at Atlantic City his conviction that the student must be definitely instructed that "capitalism is not the solution to the nation's difficulties." One may argue as much as one likes concerning the extent and sincerity of President Butler's liberalism but the fact remains that either because of or despite the president's policy Columbia is still a place in which the student is exposed to too many and violently conflicting ideas.

And what is true of Columbia University is true of the American educational system as a whole. The teachers in many schools and many colleges are no more free than the teachers in the fascist controlled department of Italian at Columbia. But no one could seriously maintain that the teaching which goes on is as uniform in its direction as the teaching in Italy or Germany or Russia. A great many institutions of learning are dominated by "interests" of one kind or another. But the saving remnant does exist and ideas inimical to the accepted order do get themselves spread.

Thus the reality in "academic freedom" is much like the reality in the "free press." Critics of the latter are fond of asking in what the freedom of a Hearst paper consists and whether or not *Izvestia* is less free of the Russian government than many of our proudest journals are of their principal advertisers. But to argue thus is to misinterpret, either deliberately or unconsciously, the whole theory of free speech. Its defenders never professed to guarantee the sincerity of every speaker or to see to it that his position was genuinely disinterested. All they ever promised was to protect the right of opposing interests to answer, and the existence of the *New Masses*—to say nothing of *The Nation* or the *New Republic*—is sufficient proof of the fact that there is at least some reality in the institution of the free press. If no publication is completely impartial, at least opposite *parti pris* tend to cancel one another and the man who wants all the facts as well as all the arguments has a better chance of getting them than he has in any totalitarian state.

Bernard Shaw once remarked that the best way to get at the truth of any matter was not to look for an impartial presentation but to hear it discussed with reckless partiality from both sides. Probably few liberals would agree that this is the ideal method but it is at least the one which we usually have to put up with and, speaking generally, the best that we have ever found a way of getting.

Like every one else the liberal has his Utopian moments and in them he dreams of a state in which liberal principles hold a peaceful but undisputed sway. In such a state the schools would be absolutely "free," no newspaper would dream of sullying its honor by admitting the influence of any material interest, and all men would be imbued with the spirit of Voltaire's famous remark: "I do not agree with a word that you say but I will defend to the death your right to say it." In his more realistic moments, however, the liberal knows that such a state never has existed and probably never will exist. Yet he is not, for all that, blind to the very real difference between the conditions that prevail under even capitalist democracies and those which are found under despotisms upon either the new or the old model. And he conceives it as his duty to throw whatever influence he may be able to exert on his side of an eternal conflict.

It was for that purpose that he founded unions for civil liberties and associations for the defense of academic freedom. He knows that in the future it will be as it was in the past: Influences will reach out here and there to remove a "dangerous" professor or to suppress a "dangerous" publication. But he has fought these influences in the past—not always without success—and he believes that such freedom for the teacher and such freedom of the press as he has helped to maintain is real and valuable even if neither has ever been complete.

Of course the radical is right when he points out that the more significant a liberty is the more difficult it becomes to maintain it. "Dangerous ideas" are tolerated with a fine show of liberality as long as they are only theoretically such and then, when any real crisis threatens, the real fight begins. But where the radical is wrong is in his assumption that the conflict which has always gone on in democracy must necessarily be resolved. He sees the anomaly in Columbia University just as he sees the anomaly in the United States of America where, for some unaccountable reason, the "capitalist masters" have not yet prevented the weekly appearance of the *New Masses*. He shudders at the illogicality without stopping to realize that thanks to this very illogicality, he has been able to survive and of course he refuses even to consider the possibility that the despised liberal has helped to preserve this blessed illogicality. Over against the good old rule "that he should take who had the power and he should keep who can" the liberal has set the fiction of abstract justice as well as the fiction of civil rights and no realist can deny that these fictions have had their influence. The result may be confusion in the mind of President Butler and a similar confusion in the policy of the American government. But it is thanks to that confusion that the fascist department of Italian has not yet silenced the Columbia *Spectator* and that Communists still speak in Union Square.

Like all who think apocalyptically in terms of Armageddon and the Millenium, the radical insists that the day of final settlement and clarification is necessarily at hand. The conflict always going on in democracy is about to be resolved at last and resolution can mean only the absolute triumph of a totalitarianism of the right or a totalitarianism of the left. And if the liberal resists this conviction it is not because he loves confusion for its own sake. He would infinitely prefer a genuinely and consistently liberal state and a genuinely free educational system to the government and the schools which he now has. But he is frank to confess that he perfers that measure of illogicality and confusion which has permitted such civil liberties as democracies enjoy to the logic and order of any totalitarian state, and he will not cease to add to the confusion by claiming his various "rights" until he is convinced that the resolution of the conflicts would result in something more than the establishment of a dogma from which none dare to dissent.

Specifically, he will continue to resent the idea that truth has been at last revealed in so final a form that, for the future, education must consist essentially of indoctrination. That does not necessarily make him an enemy of any economic system. It does not even imply that he may not favor communism in some form as the basis of the social order. But it does mean that he sees no reason why the struggle for academic freedom should not continue under any form of government.

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T. S. Eliot as Critic

By LOUIS KRONENBERGER

SOME years ago, before I myself had read it, I asked a friend his opinion of "The Sacred Wood." He told me that he thought it valuable for bringing home the sense of continuity, of tradition, in English literature. When I read the book I remembered that remark and agreed with it: Eliot seemed then one of a very few critics who appreciated the importance of tradition and who understood what it consisted of. And now again I am reminded of my friend's remark because I think it remains the final one in any estimate of Eliot's critical services. He has made us aware of a past which flows into our present; he has conveyed to us the pedigree of art, and the dangers of misalliance and sinful flirtations with the demi-monde. He has been an unavowed royalist in literature just as he is an avowed one in politics. He has made clear a writer's debt to the past, though he has perhaps computed that debt at ruinous compound interest. But it is well worth while to be reminded that the progress of literature is not discontinuous, that the classics represent a culture out of which fresh creation can proceed with greater poise than it can proceed merely out of itself. That reminder is all to Mr. Eliot's credit; the rest of this paper, frankly, must be concerned with the harm he has done or, at any rate, with the mistakes he has made.

Simply because it proved fatal to overrate T. S. Eliot, it would be fatal, now, to underrate him. In part he is the victim of a much changed world: he came on the scene, in a purely literary sense, as almost a revolutionary critic; he has begun to fade from the scene, in every sense, as an incredibly reactionary one. He arrived to damn impressionist aesthetics and an idolatry of romanticism; he stayed to sing the praises of men like Jonson and Dryden and Donne, and his singing made such men almost the heroes of the hour. Through Eliot we all were made to look in a new, a reverse, direction; he made flowers bloom where Professor Babbitt and others did not; and for a time there was much talk of "classicism." Many stupid people wondered at this "classicism" of Eliot's, seeing no connection between it and such obscure and original poetry as "The Waste Land." How they could have interpreted "The Waste Land" as anything but a groan for not living in a classical world, or enjoyed it as anything but a pastiche of classical tags—as much a superior game of quotations as ever it was a poem—I do not know; but I do know that there was much perplexity expressed.

Then Mr. Eliot entered the Anglo-Catholic church and in a notorious preface to a disappointing book avowed himself to be royalist in politics, classicist in art, and Anglo-Catholic in religion. He went on to discuss church writers and ultimately church writing; he respectfully criticized dry-shell "humanism" and found its chief defect a lack of drier-shell Anglo-Catholicism; the stock market crashed and Eliot still kept warm in medieval cotton wool. One read Eliot's new writings with more perplexity than one had felt in reading "The Waste Land" and was forced to the conclusion that a man often gifted with great acumen and always gifted with clever perceptions must be living in a vacuum; must have turned more royalist than the king, more pious than the church, and more classical than Aristotle.

It seems to me that Mr. Eliot signed his death warrant when, speaking paradox that to him was truth, he said: "For the spirit killeth, but the letter giveth life." No one else has summed up so accurately or so succinctly what is the matter with him. He is indeed a believer in the letter, and accordingly he is a formalist, a literary genealogist, a pedant, a hairsplitter, a snob. His snobbery is the least excusable thing about him, though I admit it is the kind of snobbery that one must oneself be something of a snob to understand. But almost anybody will appreciate the inappropriateness and unconscious humor of Eliot's calling Shelley a "blackguard" (Byron, no doubt, was a "cad"); and when he calls the nineteenth-century romantics "riff-raff" one can almost hear an English huntin' man call somebody who believes, let us say, in labor unions, a bolshie. Such epithets reveal just enough fine feeling to prove conclusively that whoever uses them lacks the finest feeling; and when in a final parenthetical excess Mr. Eliot informs us that one should never take a model in letter-writing, we feel that the only possible reply is "Thank you."

Actually Mr. Eliot's manners are a little less those of the patrician than of a jewel of a maître d'hôtel. He has aped his betters in society and literature until he has caught the hang of their role; but so persistent an odor of deference and exhibitionism and code goes into the performance that it vitiates not only the manner but also the matter of Eliot's writing. It is surely a test of the soundest criticism that the critic never talks down—that he feels it is only the truth of what he says that is important, and knows that in the long run it can be perceived only by his equals. But Mr. Eliot dispenses his messages. His didacticism is at times downright brazen. His showing-off is at times downright childish. Edmund Wilson has called attention to his habit of reeling off long literary genealogies, but I don't think has sternly enough pointed out with how much flourish the names have been reeled off—and with how little point. Worst of all, Eliot is at times downright coy. To say, "When I wrote *a poem called* 'The Waste Land,' " in the course of an essay which nobody ignorant of "The Waste Land" could possibly be reading, is merely to turn silly if not a little cheap.

Enough, however, concerning Eliot's manner and personality. I have only treated them at such length because they seem to me the outward manifestation of Eliot's mind and self, and the minor blemishes which betray his major faults. He is a critic of some importance; hence his faults are of some importance. He has read widely, reasoned accurately—whatever his premises—and written with a great deal of deliberation. He has said, *en passant*, many discerning things. He has principles and a philosophy which he has been at no pains to hide and at the greatest pains to make clear. It is accordingly not necessary for any critic of Eliot to guess. He need only try to evaluate.

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Eliot believes that the letter giveth life. He believes in law and form, not as conveniences, not as means toward order, but as fundamental and complete truth. He seeks liberty in bondage as Wordsworth professed to find greatest poetic freedom in the strictness of the sonnet. This in itself is no more than turning the suggestive power of the classical principle into a canon. It means that art will not merely build on classical rules but actually exemplify them. The flaw therein, of course, is that "classicism"—whatever exactly it is—is deductively arrived at by studying the corpus of classical art, and not inductively applied to the making of unborn art. But Eliot not only follows the classical dogma because he cherishes classicism; he follows it also because he cherishes dogma. How else can one be a royalist at all, or the kind of Catholic that Eliot more than once has set himself down as being? The incense of art and the incense of religion mean something less to him than the formulas; and while I do not at all impugn his sincerity in either case, I must deplore, in both cases, his guiding principle. It would, besides being tactless, be pointless to disparage Mr. Eliot's religious beliefs, but I cannot help commenting on his thoroughgoing belief in formulas, one of which formulas happens to be the basis of his religion. And I cannot help thinking that this absorption in formulas looks decidedly like escapism. He seems unable to enjoy or approve of the world around him; he seems uninterested in humanity and turned inward by fastidiousness. Where better could he go than to a church of subtle dogmas and deodorized human concerns, or to an art elevated above life and ambrosially nourished? As for his being a royalist in politics, it is perhaps impossible for us others to find a common meeting ground to discuss the matter.

And out of such a philosophy, with its high distaste for the sweaty organic problems of life, there can come little to engage strong minds. Mr. Eliot sits in a place apart and speaks a language which men, though they may still have the sensibility to understand it, no longer have the time to master. There is always a place for the strictly aesthetic critic; and I can conceive no form of government and no mode of life in which, for those who enjoy aesthetics, the aesthetic critic will lack a place. The problem of Shakespeare's versification or of Bach's counterpoint will always find its students. But Mr. Eliot is by no means a strictly aesthetic critic. He approaches and infuses artistic problems with a *Weltanschauung*. His attitude toward art constitutes an attitude toward life, and we are never dealing, in his case, with a classicist only: we are always dealing besides with a royalist and an Anglo-Catholic. We are dealing, as well, with a man so fearful of not seeing the forest for the trees that he makes the equally dangerous mistake of never seeing the trees for the forest.

The result, of course, is a twofold one: Eliot's critical writings fail us by bespeaking a misguided, outmoded, and insufficient philosophy; and starve us because they are so essentially inhuman and special and remote. They might easily be the one and not the other, but unluckily they are both. They are erroneous and they are insubstantial. What they give us is something not necessarily negligible but unquestionably minor: through them we are in touch with a limited but brilliant mind, and when Eliot makes a differentiation between drama and melodrama, or analyzes a passage in Jonson, or sums up Tourneur, or writes about Tradition and the Individual Talent—when his philosophy is not the master of his aesthetic insight—we must listen to him and applaud. Even though he is only at his best as an aesthetic critic, he is too much a moralist to be set down as an aesthetic critic; we can therefore most justly appraise him by saying that he is not acute about the things which interest us most, but *is* acute about things that interest us somewhat. He loses much by being fastidious and withdrawn, but he gains something. He loses much by having no humor whatever, but he is capable of something else by having splendid wit. And the presence of wit and the absence of humor in Eliot argue his possession of great intellect and egoism, his lack of humanity, his lack of modesty and unself-consciousness. He rests with those men who have chosen to see life distantly, from a single vantage-point; and had he, in the absence of warmth and sinew, a great intensity, he might possess permanent value for us, a permanent place in our record. But he is not intense, he is merely correct; and the play upon words must be risked that he is terribly incorrect at the same time.

Books

Marx as Metaphor

Permanence and Change. By Kenneth Burke. The New Republic. $1.

MR. BURKE'S extremely complex, interesting, and difficult treatise seems to have two principal aims. The first is to coordinate all the attacks which have been made upon the absolute validity of the neutral or scientific conception of truth; the second is to defend on the basis of this radical skepticism the ideology of communism. The effort may seem to be somewhat paradoxical, but whatever one may think of the final conclusions there can be no question as to the acuteness of many of the author's observations. Whatever else he may do or fail to do, he provides some 350 pages of strenuous intellectual exercise.

Logically the argument begins with Bentham's discussion of the neutral, or scientific, versus the weighted vocabulary. In any argument we may, as Bentham pointed out, beg the question by calling the things we like and the things we do not like by names associated with a favorable or unfavorable judgment based upon habit, prejudice, or the conventional judgment of our social group. It therefore becomes the duty of science to cultivate a colorless or unweighted vocabulary, and, indeed, much of the intellectual effort of the nineteenth century was spent in trying to achieve such a neutral vocabulary, by means of which scientific argument could be freed from the influence of emotional factors. Against this tendency, however, the poet rebelled because he soon realized that all literature depends for its effect upon the very weighted vocabulary which the scientist despises, and more recently many abstract thinkers have tended to take the poet's side. Not only the poetry but the entire culture—in the broad anthropological sense—of any group depends largely upon that complex of values and points of view which Mr. Burke calls its "perspective," and which is the source of the weighting of any word. To refuse absolutely to accept that perspective is to destroy the shape of the culture and—since social man cannot exist long in a cultural vacuum—to prepare for a new perspective.

To Mr. Burke most nineteenth-century thought was of this destructive kind. Perhaps its most characteristic form

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is the effort to achieve what he calls "perspective by incongruity," and of this Darwin's classification of man as one of the anthropoids is a typical example because, while he used an ostensibly neutral vocabulary, he was in actual fact violating the whole perspective of the race, which took the uniqueness of man as fundamental, and he was, by implication at least, proposing a radically different one. What is true of Darwin is also true, in different degrees, of thinkers as various in importance and direction as Bergson, Nietzsche, and Oscar Wilde. But as soon as one has become thoroughly accustomed to radical changes in perspective one begins to think in a different way about the nature and functions of the perspective itself. If any one of several perspectives results in a thoroughly consistent conception of man and the universe, then the suspicion naturally arises that no one is true or false in an absolute sense.

The whole universe, moral as well as physical, then becomes not an external reality of which man may form a more or less true picture, but—so far at least as man can know—something whose shape he influences by the way in which he looks at it. And here the moral or social philosopher approaches the most radical of the new physicists. Social or moral theories, like scientific hypotheses, become metaphors or fictions, and the possibility of establishing any absolute identity between an external reality and any one of them becomes extremely remote.

Mr. Burke seems to me most telling as well as most skeptical in those sections where he applies this attitude to the criticism of certain current formulations and where, despite his own communistic leanings, he makes clear how little there is to choose between them as long as one maintains a strictly neutral attitude. Especially remarkable are his comparisons of the metaphor by means of which the Freudians interpret everything in terms of sex repressions with the metaphor by means of which the Marxians see everything as the product of a class struggle. Equally interesting is his analysis of a passage from John Strachey; here Mr. Burke points out that the endless chain of reactions in which an economic change produces a new ideology and a new ideology produces an economic change may be thought of as beginning with either one of the two kinds of links, and that upon the arbitrary choice of this beginning depends the answer to the question whether economic conditions or "ideas" are the ultimate cause of the series of changes.

Up to this point in the argument it remains profoundly skeptical, and for all Mr. Burke's elaborate logicality it is doubtful whether the transition from such skepticism to affirmation can possibly be made without a long leap across a chasm which no intellectualizing can bridge. However, the argument, much simplified, seems to be this: Society must either choose or have thrust upon it a "perspective" or a fiction. That of the nineteenth century was destroyed at the same time that the nineteenth-century economic order was collapsing, and Mr. Burke has determined to choose the communist fiction. It is to him (if not to most communists, who certainly stress the "scientific" aspect) essentially poetic and ethical as opposed to the capitalist perspective, which emphasizes the material. Its vocabulary is not neutral and does not pretend to be, but it might, conceivably at least, form the basis of the kind of society in which he would most like to live.

Mr. Burke does not give, and in this sort of treatise doubtless does not need to give, any idea of the means by which this particular fiction is to be imposed upon mankind as a whole. More importantly however, he does—or so it seems to me—occasionally fall into certain ambiguities of his own in the course of making the transition from skepticism to affirmation. "A sound system of communication, such as lies at the roots of civilization, cannot," he says, "be built upon a structure of economic warfare. It must be economically, as well as spiritually, communistic—otherwise the wells of sociality are poisoned." Now is this intended as a neutral or as a poetic statement? If the former, it must be pointed out that "sound," "warfare," and "poisoned" are heavily weighted words which could be replaced by such neutral, or oppositely weighted, ones as "of the particular sort I am talking about" for "sound," "competition" for "warfare," and "influenced" or "affected" for "poisoned." If it is a poetic one, then it seems hardly worth while to go through such an elaborate analysis of the different kinds of statements when one is going to make, at a crucial moment, the very simplest, or rather the most naturally human, kind which it is possible to make. And that suggests a conclusion with which the author would probably be willing to agree: If the communist perspective actually comes to be accepted it will not be chiefly because intellectuals have arrived by a tortuous route at the conclusion that the acceptance of a fiction is intellectually justifiable, but because many simple men who never heard of "weighted" or "neutral" vocabularies will accept the fiction in the same whole-hearted way that the fictions of Christianity or of patriotic nationalism were accepted.

I should, moreover, like to ask one further question. If all our intellectual formulations are in the nature of fictions, then must not this theory of fictions be itself a fiction?

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The Perfect Life

Taps at Reveille. By F. Scott Fitzgerald. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

ALTHOUGH it is one of the most obvious statements that can be made of any novelist, it has never exactly been pointed out about Scott Fitzgerald that what he is principally concerned with in all his novels and tales is character. "She was a fine girl—one of the best," remarks the hero of one of the stories in this collection, of the wife who has abandoned him to follow her own career. "She had character." All the important personages in the book have character, or are trying to have character, or have irretrievably lost their character. Whether the emphasis is on achievement or struggle or failure the theme is one and the same. Whatever may be their age or sex or background all of them are sooner or later confronted, like the adolescent Basil Lee, with the vision of "the perfect life." This rambunctious Middle Western schoolboy, whose inner gyrations occupy the first story in the volume, is the father of the chastened hero of Babylon Revisited, which is the last. Of course neither Basil nor his feminine counterpart, the precociously scandalous Josephine, is presented in any earnestly moralistic fashion; their adolescent crises are more often a source of amusement than of edification; but what gives to their histories a direction and finally a meaning is their common effort at some sort of personal regeneration. In the other stories, which deal with people adult at least in years, the theme is naturally treated with a more becoming gravity. Babylon Revisited, one of the best of them, deals with the not quite successful attempt of a reformed survivor of the Paris pleasure front of the twenties to wrest custody of his child from skeptical relatives. The Last of the Belles, as the title may suggest, is the record of a young Northerner's gradual recovery from the narcotic influences of the romantic South. In the somewhat melodramatic Family in the Wind a middle-aged country doctor emerges triumphantly from a long season with the bottle. The gin-colored twilight of Hollywood film-colony receptions supplies the atmosphere for another such drama of self-conquest in Crazy Sunday. In the strangest of all the tales, A Short Trip

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Home, Mr. Fitzgerald's obsession drives him to the frankly allegorical: the sinister Joe Varland, hanger-on of pool-rooms and tracker of women, is the almost abstract embodiment of evil. Indeed, the only exception to the generalization that has been made is the slight and ineffective Night of Chancellorsville, which would seem to prove that Mr. Fitzgerald is interesting only when he is at grips with the problem of character.

Now the problem of character, which is first and last the moral problem, is not popular with many of the writers and readers of contemporary fiction; it has been relegated to that class of quaint antiquities which includes Malthusianism and the Boston rocker. The reasons for this are obvious enough and need not be rehearsed; but the consequences for fiction have become increasingly more overwhelming during the past two book seasons. For the area of moral conflict, the area which most of the older novelists chose as their terrain, has been substituted the vast, the unchartable, the uncontrollable ocean of the sensibilities. As the tide rises the flood threatens to carry all before it—readers along with writers. The inheritors of the Joycean dispensation, unencumbered by the self-wrought bonds of aesthetic discipline which restrained the master, are intent on submerging the universe. What used to be called character has dissolved in the confused welter of uncoordinated actions, sensations, impressions, and physico-chemical reactions which currently passes for the art of fiction.

Mr. Fitzgerald, in his persistent concentration on "those fine moral decisions that people make in books," is fundamentally, therefore, a rather old-fashioned sort of story-teller. He has more in common, let us say, with George Eliot, Henry James, and Joseph Conrad than with any of the more prominent members of his own generation. One should not be misled by the strong sense of the *Zeitgeist* reflected in his choice of subjects and characters. Although the experience is as contemporary as that of Faulkner or of Hemingway, the focus on the experience is very different, and the technique that is the result of this focus is different. It is not experience *qua* experience that is important but the ordering of experience, the arrangement of experience according to some scheme of developing moral action. This is the reason why Mr. Fitzgerald in even his worst lapses, such as the story called Majesty, is always able to sustain a certain interest, to provide the kind of interest that we are accustomed to receive from prose narrative.

The observation that Mr. Fitzgerald is one of the few American writers still occupied with character, and that this is responsible for the distinction of form and technique in his writing, is not equivalent to a definitive evaluation of that writing as a whole. It is of course a temptation to say that stories like The Last of the Belles and Babylon Revisited are worth a half-dozen novels of more pretentious length and substance published this season. It is the same sort of temptation that has caused certain critics, grateful that anything possessing so many of the features of a great work of fiction could be written in America, to speak of "The Great Gatsby" as if it were "Madame Bovary" or "War and Peace." But while Mr. Fitzgerald is excellent in tracing the vacillating curve of character in his works, his standard or criterion of character itself is not always easily to be determined. Sometimes it would seem to be the manliness of a Yale football captain, sometimes the innocence of a Middle Western debutante, sometimes no more than the ability to conform to the *mores* of respectable middle-class society. Especially from A Short Trip Home does one derive the impression that evil is always to be found in poverty-stricken back alleys downtown, and goodness always in the warmly opulent mansions of Summit Avenue. The vision of evil is that of the adolescent suddenly frightened by the glimpse of the great impersonal continent outside the frosted window-panes of the Twentieth Century Limited. The moral

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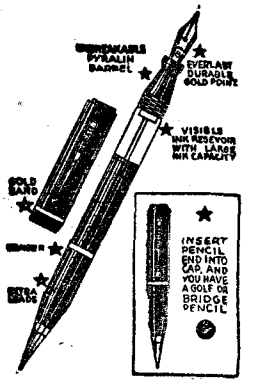
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interest in all these stories is acute, but the moral vision is vague and immature. If Mr. Fitzgerald could enlarge his vision to correspond to his interest, he would do much both for his own reputation and for the amelioration of current American fiction writing. WILLIAM TROY

General Hullabaloo

The Blue Eagle from Egg to Earth. By General Hugh S. Johnson. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $3.

THE case of General Johnson is a case of arrested emotional adolescence. He moves and has his being within a certain image of himself. In his own eyes he is a two-fisted, warm-hearted, hard-hitting, impulsive fighting man and all that. His friends, to whom he is loyal unto death, are of course equally straight shooters. His enemies are invariably scheming, soft, and sneaky. In short, the General is his own ideal of a he-man. And of course he is tough as hell. "I am . . . impulsive and full of sins and bad habits," he boasts. As a matter of fact the General is really a good boy at heart, amazingly industrious, and for all his inde-goddam-pendence essentially mindful of the interests of big business. Of course with his psychology he was bound to grow up a picturesque soldier of fortune rather than a plodding careerist. But paradoxically, like the wholesome cadet he is, he had no ups and downs. At the age of thirty-five, without any special pull, he was a brigadier. He is also an engineer, a lawyer, a Phi Beta Kappa, and a *Doctor Juris;* a good deal of a grind for such a tough guy. And he has been a big-business executive and a sort of glorified economic research valet to "Barney" Baruch, the Wall Street gambler who got out with enough to become one of our Great Economic Thinkers.

Personally I suspect that the General's two-fistedness is confined to the negative fact that he is no puritan and to the possession of a forceful and very happy vulgar style which gives him a lot of journalistic It. His vituperative epithets are particularly colorful, felicitous, and learned in allusion, though as a student of the vituperative art I wonder just what overstimulates his affection for the banal metaphor of the rear end of a horse. But be that as it may, his line—direct and dirty—endeared him to the "corps of correspondents" the moment he began his job as the Paul Whiteman of the NRA. And it was the press which enlarged to national proportions his own picture of himself as a sort of industrial lion-tamer.

And now the General goes and spoils it all. For in this *Apologia pro Nira Mea* he reveals himself as simply the Sancho Panza of the New Deal. He prefaces his book with what he obviously considers a characteristic childhood story. Way back in 1886, at the age of four, he got into a fight with other kids—no doubt a lot of future Donald Richbergs and Fannie Perkinses. Then, as now, he lost. And as he backed up to the parental front door he cried copiously but yelled defiantly, "Everybody in the world's a Rink-Stink but Hughie Johnson and he's all right." And then the General naively adds, "Perhaps NRA and this book had its antecedents." If "perhaps," then why does the General print his childhood remark on the fly-leaf as the text of his autobiography? There is no perhaps about it. The book is a logical progression from the little boy in tears yelling defiance to the brigadier in tears yelling defiance. The tough *hombre* just can't take it. He used to run to Mom. Now he runs to Barney Baruch. And this is the cry-baby whom the Administration sent out to muss up a really tough and dangerous demagogue like Huey Long.

The General's thinking is particularly soft. The book is full of contradictions. He is for both the vertical union and the craft union; "both are necessary." He interprets Section 7-a, which clearly and unequivocally gives labor the right to organize, as labor's right to join a company union if it so wishes. He wanted the NRA to reduce unemployment, to raise wages, and yet to keep prices from sky-rocketing—a synthesis which is plain silly. In fact, he thinks that the NRA under his administration was a great experiment in industrial democracy which actually improved conditions. I don't know where the General gets his figures, but the fact is that the real weekly earnings of industrial labor fell toward the end of his administration, that the number of unemployed increased, that the relief rolls mounted, and that the only thing that was getting out of the depression was the profits of big business. The General is strong for all the contradictions in our economy. He is for capital; he is for labor; and he is especially devoted to the economically non-existent general public. His strategy, strange for a military expert, was to rush off rapidly in all directions. The General's favorite indictment of Donald Richberg is that he "has ants in his pants"—a statement that I would be the last man to deny. I would only add that judging by the General's behavior as Recovery Administrator, I could have sworn, by gad, that *he* had wasps in his underwear.

But even more naive than the General's economics is his judgment of men. He is convinced that a small group of "economic statesmen" could solve our whole industrial problem, and especially our labor problem, in a jiffy. And here is his list of economic statesmen: Gerard Swope, Walter Teagle, Louis Kirstein, Walter Chrysler, William Irwin, John Lewis, Ed McGrady, Sidney Hillman, George Berry, and Mike McDonough. This list, especially of the industrialists, is an almost perfect representation of the gentry who got us exactly where we are. Gerard Swope, one of the most unctuous "liberal" industrialists in this country, is a pioneer company unionist, and his notorious Swope Plan is as nearly a fascist document as American industry has yet produced. Walter Teagle of the Standard Oil, who to General Johnson is "a big man, conscientious in the extreme—considerate, able, and loyal," is the gent who read a confidential paper to his fellow-tycoons on how to smash organized labor in this country while he was a member of the Industrial Advisory Board of the NRA. As an economist, Walter Chrysler is our leading garage mechanic. George Berry, president of the printing pressmen, came all the way from Tennessee to New York City to break a strike of his own men on the metropolitan newspapers. As for John Lewis, who is no doubt a hard and able man, his whole history in the United Mine Workers is a history of reactionary leadership. The only person on this list who knows his way about in our economic system is Sidney Hillman.

The fact is that the General has never thought through to the economic foundations of our society. He has no conception of the social forces which are racking it. In a time which calls for disciplined thought and real knowledge, he is rambunctiously naive and militantly ignorant. For years, he tells us, he and Barney Baruch—one of the shrewdest and hence most dangerous ignoramuses in our public life—have been doping out the NRA as an instrument of economic democracy. It seems never to have occurred to the General that, in our economy, the NRA was bound to be merely a price-fixing apparatus, no matter how noisy the accompanying humanitarian ballyhoo; and that this apparatus was bound to get into the control of those very interests which got us into the depression. The one thing that the General, with his big-business background, neither can nor wants to understand is that the function of any instrument such as the NRA must be to recapture the control of scarcity, which American capitalism lost during the crazy speculative overexpansion of the twenties.

"A holy thing," the General calls the NRA. And so it is. A holy racket! BENJAMIN STOLBERG

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Agony Under Fascism

Fatherland. By Karl Billinger. With a Foreword by Lincoln Steffens. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

KARL BILLINGER is the pseudonym of a young German Communist who witnessed his party driven underground in 1933, who was hunted during the first months of the Hitler regime by the *Führer's* secret police, who, like tens of thousands of other German revolutionaries, was captured and sent via a torture house to a concentration camp, and who upon release eight months later resumed his party work and wrote this book, which is the story of the first year of the Third Reich as he experienced it. The book is probably the best of its kind, and one is grateful to the publishers for bringing it out in the United States at this time, for it not only very effectively describes the Hitler terror against the Communists, Social Democrats, and Jews and gives the general atmosphere in Germany in 1933, but also offers a powerful and blood-chilling suggestion of what is likely to happen in America, or in sections of America, when (or if) we develop political fascism here in addition to the economic fascism which we already have in large measure. This book, it seems to me, is the best sort of ammunition to be used in the fight against fascism. Those who are opposed to fascism and do not believe that it is inevitable in this country can do no better, I think, than to buy a dozen copies of "Fatherland" and pass them out to people who are on the verge of accepting the idea of the necessity of some form of fascism in the United States.

Billinger, whoever he may be, is an excellent writer, fortunate in his unnamed American translator. The book is smoothly flowing narrative written with great emotional control and intellectual restraint. It reads as easily as a well-written novel. In the first chapter he tells how with the seizure of power by Hitler and Göring the fatherland suddenly turned into an alien land for most revolutionaries and Jews. The change of the Communist Party of Germany from the legal to the underground status was a matter of extreme personal and social agony. "Every day comrades were being dragged off, manhandled, murdered. Police trucks sped through the streets, carrying workers under arrest to the torture chambers of Hedemann- and Friedrichstrasse. We grew accustomed to the idea that sooner or later the same fate would overtake us." And as one reads on, the feeling grows that being in a torture chamber was little worse than walking in the streets of Berlin. To salute the swastika at times was worse than the idea of being systematically tortured by sadistic Brown Shirts. One day Billinger caught sight of an approaching procession of Nazi nurses, carrying banners.

> Without stopping to think, I turned my back on it and walked in the opposite direction, only to face four Brown Shirts crossing toward me from the other side of the street. "Trying to get out of it?" said one. "Arm up! And now . . .?" "Heil Hitler!" I said. I could have spit at myself as I strode past the procession with arm uplifted.

Finally Billinger was caught and taken to the Columbia torture house.

> They beat my head with their fists till I fell down unconscious. When I came to, they were kicking me furiously. I tried to stand up. They knocked me down again and left me lying on the floor. . . . In a moment I lay, stripped from the waist down, across a table. Four men held me; three others flogged me. At the first lash I thought I should leap to the ceiling. My whole body contracted convulsively. Against my will I let out a shrill cry. The second stroke, the third, the fourth—not quickly but at measured intervals, spaced so as to keep me from losing consciousness, to make certain that my nerves would

★ ★

He walked alone

Hundreds of babies were named after him, but he never stooped to kiss one of them; and though thousands of men believed for many years that he would be and should be President of the United States, he scorned to reach for that office—

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> register each blow in all its agonizing pain. I was aware of but one racking desire—to be dead, to be dead, to be dead, and have this over, finished, done. My body did not seem to belong to me any more. After ten or twelve lashes I felt the blows only as dull detonations in my head. I no longer had the strength to cry out. . . . One of the men poured a pitcher of water over my head to render me fit for further treatment. Then they started afresh. . . . What kept me from suicide during those hours was neither courage nor cowardice, neither the thought of my wife nor of my mother. It was the realization that within those four walls 500 prisoners were sharing my fate. It was my sense of unity with the staunch party workers. They stood it—I could stand it too.

From the torture house he was sent, with hundreds of other prisoners, to a concentration camp, where this process of *Gleichschaltung*—"coordination"—continued. The chapters dealing with this phase of Billinger's experience are the most interesting. He tells of escapes of prisoners, their captures and ensuing horrors, the special humiliation inflicted upon the Jews, the struggle in the camp for a united front between the Communists and Social Democrats, the growing discontent of the Brown Shirts, which led to the June 30 purge, the increasing tendency of the Hitler mercenaries to fraternize with their revolutionary prisoners. The two final chapters deal with Billinger's release from the concentration camp and his return to illegal revolutionary activity. He ends on a note of complete confidence in the rightness and the ultimate victory of his cause.

LOUIS ADAMIC

The Significance of Sections

The United States, 1830-1850. By Frederick Jackson Turner. Henry Holt and Company. $4.50.

STRICTLY speaking, Turner's conception of "the significance of sections" is not a structural interpretation of American history such as appears in his argument on the formative influences of the frontier. Rather it is a technique of approach. He insists, as he says in this second posthumous volume, that "generalizations upon the United States as a whole, in the absence of a survey of changes in the separate sections, would be misleading."

Here he has built up a detailed synthesis of the forces at work in each of the six well-defined sections in the era from 1830 to 1850, with a distributed stress on every front, political, economic, social, educational, personal—as among leaders—and even the artistic and literary, though for the most part these last are only lightly sketched. Once more he shows a sensitive consciousness of geographical contours, of the "fall line," of limestone rims, the "oak opening," but he never relaxes into the picturesque, and he has used almost none of that sweep of generalization for which he is famous, and which has become an important if difficult and controversial part of our contemporary study of American history. Turner worked on this book for fifteen years; it remains unfinished. "A mind too keen for finality, a spirit too eager for cold print, a pioneer pressing ever outward beyond established trails," as Professor Craven says in his introduction, he would "probably never have completed this volume—at least to his own satisfaction." The chapter on the Taylor Administration and the Compromise of 1850 was unwritten at the time of his death, and other chapters were to have been revised. But he had made a draft of his summary, which draws the book to a natural close.

As if in reply to recent challenges Turner has given here abundant evidence that he was far from disregarding the cultural influence of the seaboard states and of Europe upon the West. It is his buoyant optimism, in itself often so engaging, rather than an overstress upon the frontier, which seems the unsound factor in his use of certain historical materials. He could not quite accept any idea of an impairment of a grand national destiny. He indicates the rise of economic classes and the development of imperialism and monopoly, but apparently he could not bring himself to give these full place. It would seem that he could not consider land settlement without a rise of spirit. In consequence he strangely overlooked ugly accompanying circumstances.

In the removal of the five tribes from their lands in the South under Jackson, Turner saw only that desirable new territory had been opened to white settlers. He comments with enthusiasm upon the rapidity with which this was developed, passing over the fact that the Indians themselves, particularly the Cherokees, had left behind them well-built homes, agricultural implements, and land partially under cultivation, and that there was deep injustice both in their removal and in the failure to provide for its proper completion. He refers to the speculative seizure of timber lands in Maine, Michigan, Wisconsin, and of the copper country in Michigan, but his allusions are brief, there is no weighing of effects; he makes no reference backward to the early rise of speculation in this country or to the presence of the speculator on all frontiers. There is no mention of the fact that Jackson himself had been a land speculator or of the internal drama in Tennessee on the general question during his administrations. Surely the issue of speculation with its attendant evils was a major issue in this period and must eventually be handled on a parity with nullification, slavery, and changes in the financial system, indeed as inextricably interwoven with these.

Yet this volume remains as a rich body of reference, a guide, a pace-maker. By his fresh syntheses of complex sectional materials Turner has proved the validity of the sectional approach. His work may be challenged further, as that of any vital thinker is likely to be, but it will be a pity if in a rapid iconoclasm the singular breadth of his contributions is forgotten. He stated a great number of significant questions for American historians. He defined and illustrated a highly productive technique, and he formulated one of the salient generalizations of our time, as to the frontier, a thesis whose bearings have not yet been completely explored.

CONSTANCE ROURKE

The Poetry of Fastidiousness

Selected Poems of Marianne Moore. With an Introduction by T. S. Eliot. The Macmillan Company. $2.

MISS MOORE conceives the hero as one who follows his bent: "Where there is personal liking we go." For more than a score of years she has been heroic according to her lights; she has gone on perfecting her highly individual style of poetry until it seems at last to have received the utmost possible finish. The total output is slender in bulk: this volume of a hundred-odd pages contains all the poems that she wishes to preserve, and of these only a handful have been written since her "Observations" appeared in 1924.

From the first her poetry has been marked by a sense of the right word, by erudition, much of it curious, by a demolishing wit, and by an ability to link the most disparate things in a telling metaphor. To the careless reader her poems are difficult, not, as with some contemporary verse, because of wilful syntax, allusiveness, or subjective associations, but because they make nicer discriminations than most of us are accustomed to. The layman must be trained to see more than a blur through the microscope or the telescope, and she uses both instruments.

In the Introduction—which is noteworthy as one of his few comments of any length on his contemporaries—T. S.

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Eliot classifies Miss Moore's poetry as descriptive rather than lyrical or dramatic. He treats her as an imagist who starts by presenting a visual pattern, in order to "set in motion an expanding succession of concentric feelings."

The visual imagery supplies much of the charm of her verse, although by itself it would serve merely to stamp her as a good painter *manqué*. She is sensitive not only to delicate tones of color, to "frog grays, duck-egg greens, and egg-plant blues," but also to design:

> Your hair, the tails of two fighting-cocks
> Head to head in stone—
> Like sculptured scimitars repeating
> The curve of your ears in reverse order. . . .

There is, further, the art of the illustrator, who sees the Spaniards "among the feather capes and hawk's-head moths and black-chinned humming-birds."

If this were all, one would have to conclude that Miss Moore was doing as well as possible what poetry at best can do less well than painting, and refer her to Lessing's Laocoon. The visual image, however, is not presented for its own sake alone: together with imagery from the other "external" senses, it is used to evoke a physiological balance that is, in the last analysis, muscular. All the arts, in their several ways, aim at this; and when, as rarely happens, they achieve it to a high degree, it constitutes, on the subjective side, the structure of the work. Possession of such structure makes the difference between Cézanne's organization of masses and the flatter patterns of Matisse and Picasso; it gives Miss Moore's verse a firmness that is lacking in the decorative designs of the early imagists.

This poetry has been called cerebral, but Miss Moore's cerebrum is in the service of her cerebellum, which, according to the physiologists, is the organ governing our bodily equilibrium. This is probably the reason why most of her recent poems are about supple creatures that exhibit in action a particularly delicate rhythmic poise. She makes us feel what it would be like to be inside each creature with its own set of muscular tensions. There is the swan "with gondoliering legs," the frigate pelican soaring in a "reticent lugubrious ragged immense minuet," the plummet basilisk swimming

> with wide water-bug strokes,
> in jerks which express
> a regal and reticent awkwardness.

In her later work, what was an incidental device has become a central preoccupation; she might be said, without great exaggeration, to have developed a kinesthetic religion. The net result has been a gain. Some of the earlier poems were a bit too rarefied to be altogether satisfying, and they gave off a faint dust of the library and the museum. But her interest has shifted, to paraphrase Miss Moore herself, from conscious to unconscious fastidiousness. In Critics and Connoisseurs, the poem which clearly marks the transition, she pays homage to Ming products, but states a preference for a

> mere childish attempt to make an imperfectly ballasted
> animal stand up,
> similar determination to make a pup
> eat his meat from the plate.

Likewise, in The Jerboa, she rejects all the ponderous treasures of Rome and Egypt for a glimpse of the little African sand-rat, whose "leaps should be set to the flageolet."

Although she retains her dour intelligence and her episcopal manner, the later work cannot be reproached with frigidity; nor can she be accused of making a poem that is a pastiche of choice quotations. Her work has come out of doors and gone quiveringly alive. Each of the recent poems, like a picture

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by the *douanier* Rousseau, is a stylized jungle, the product of a tropical imagination rigorously pruned.

For these reasons and others, Mr. Eliot's statement that Miss Moore's poems are among the few written in our time which promise to endure seems altogether just. His statement that they release the "major emotions" is more disputable. But one finds here and there, if not a major emotion, at least the paradigm of one; and it would be ungrateful to carp at poetry which has obvious limitations but few imperfections. She herself has summed it up with genius: here are, truly, "imaginary gardens with real toads in them."

PHILIP BLAIR RICE

Country of Youth

Soviet Journey. By Louis Fischer. Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. $2.50.

"EVERYTHING I write I know because I have seen and heard it myself," states Louis Fischer, and on reading "Soviet Journey" one is impelled to believe him. His dispassionate reports, expressed in grams and liters, of typical workers' meals throughout the country put to shame the lurid and unbased reports of a certain great newspaper chain. But "Soviet Journey" is not a book of figures. It is a living human description of a warm and lovable people. It takes us into their lives and makes them real. It gives the answers to that barrage of dinner-table questions which harass every returned traveler from the Soviet Union.

Mr. Fischer shows us a childlike, progressive, eager people who listen to lectures on blast furnaces on their days of rest, who jump from towers in parachutes for fun, who volunteer hours of shoveling to speed the work on the new Moscow subway, who discuss Marxian dialectics while making love, and who proudly eat "machine ice cream," because anything mechanized is supposed to be better. "Soviet Journey" takes us into factories and villages, to the vineyards in the Caucasus, to the largest Soviet dam, to farms and through palaces. And what palaces! Palaces turned into rest homes where factory workers play games in the gardens once enjoyed only by the aristocrats; palaces used as hospitals; palaces turned into crèches and full of romping white-uniformed children; palaces transformed into museums. Here are people who really go to those museums, who really take an interest in the pictures housed there. These Bolsheviks in Mr. Fischer's book not only study paintings, but they go to the opera and read books by the millions, actually by the millions. American authors who put large slices of their lives into a book to find that only a few thousand copies move slowly out of their publishers' stockrooms, will read with envy the complaint in the Moscow *Izvestia* that there was "no use publishing children's books in editions of 250,000. They disappeared in three days from the bookstalls in the larger cities, and the provinces never saw them." During this current year the Children's Book Publishing House will print 300 to 400 titles in 300,000,000 volumes. The story of Chukovsky, a popular children's writer, is indicative of how far the demand exceeds the supply in this land of book-hungry people. "He tells, he actually acts this story," writes Mr. Fischer.

> They come in on tip-toe and whisper: "If it weren't for the children, we would of course never, believe us, never. . . . Only for the sake of the little ones. . . . "
>
> Abashed, I reach for my purse.
>
> "Please, no, no. We ourselves will pay all."
>
> Their faces show suffering. Their eyes beg.
>
> "We have our own paper," they whisper, "we will only make a copy, only a copy."
>
> I felt myself drawn into a conspiracy. And then the secret comes out. These visitors to Leningrad from the distant Volga want to make copies of some of Chukovsky's children's books which are sold out. All over the country one will find manuscript copies of his works and of other books for the young.

Since the demand for workers as well as for books is far greater than the supply, there is in Russia no incentive for keeping women out of gainful labor. In blast furnaces, behind drill presses, at the controls of locomotives one sees the attractive ruddy type of girlhood shown so interestingly in Julian Bryan's photographic illustrations for this book—such as the girl surveyor in Theater Square and the robust bun-vendor.

In Mr. Fischer's amusing description of the divorce and marriage bureau, a young married couple living in non-marital harmony share with each other reports of their extra-marital adventures. They have come to the divorce court to arrange for alimony, which is collectable by the woman from a lover by whom she has had a child—Soviet law makes no distinction between wed and unwed fathers. As Mr. Fischer, whose own children are growing up in Soviet schools, writes: "The Bolsheviks have failed to discover a method where embryos can choose their parents, but parents must have the widest possible choice." He also tells us that on an occasion when he spanked his little boy the child announced solemnly, "There is no Soviet law which permits parents to strike their children."

Soviet Russia is a country of youth, a youth that has been tempered as that of no other country in the world has been.

> Every Soviet man or woman under thirty-five is the complicated product of this checkered career [of the war, the revolution, the famine, the new industrial world being built under the Five-Year Plan]. . . . It gave them a taste for the heroic. They were sure the world could be changed because they had seen it turn upside down several times. Difficulties came and went . . . the individual was nothing —only collective effort achieved results. Misery spared no one, even as exaltation lifted everyone. Life was rich, hard, exciting. . . . Ten years from now, the generation that knew capitalism will have been pushed aside, and this new youth, the generation born after 1910, will be the master of Russia.

As I write, I am flying over the painted desert, and "Soviet Journey" conjures up Moscow in spite of mesas, craters, and canyons. Louis Fischer gets into his book something of that fascination that makes many tourists return to Russia year after year; he captures that spirit of endless change; he makes us follow with him the vital steps of that social and cultural progression wherein the "Bolsheviks are endeavoring to change the core of life itself."

MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE

Dilemma on the Left

Chorus for Survival. By Horace Gregory. Covici-Friede. $2.

MR. GREGORY'S scene is the contemporary mind with its idealized memories of the heroic and poetic past, with its ever-impinging images of a disintegrating economic structure. His rhythm is that best fitted to conversational speech as, through insistent and melancholy repetition, it becomes song. Not Eliot's broken and singly unforgettable statements, not MacLeish's somewhat decadent elongations of Eliot's cadences, but lines in which syntax, in itself simple and unpadded, fits a kind of inner chanting. Basically iambic pentameter, Gregory's rhythms, owing to his manipulation of line-length and closing rhyme, are excellent for the interior monologue or dialogue.

This is the poet's most personal book and in it he achieves his complete artistic maturity. His development has been consistent. In his first book, "Chelsea Rooming House," the

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poems, though sometimes technically crude, express directly and freshly the poet's youthful awareness and hatred of the insignificance and monotony of modern city life. His second, "No Retreat," shows Mr. Gregory learning the mastery of his art, but it reflects the influence upon him of such poets as Eliot and Crane. This last collection of lyrics, all, in a way, related in theme, proves that he has learned perfect control of his medium and that he has integrated his thought.

The poems are dramatic only in that they present feeling welling up during the actual mechanical routine of daily living. They are narrative only of inner intensities, not of action. Each poem begins abruptly, in the middle, as thoughts do while a man walks down the street, feels his identity with other poets, recalls dead friends, talks imaginatively to his son who will inherit the future. Gregory, trained in the classics, in platonic idealism and its ebb tide, New England transcendentalism, intellectually comprehends the disintegrating present, perceives, running like a ribbon through the present, the intellectual and historical references of the past. Here, in his last book, he fuses, as he has always striven to fuse, past schemes of thought with present. Born of the American middle class and now in his early thirties, he reflects what is actually before us, the immediate chaos and confusion of belief, the alternately passing shadows of wars, fascism, and revolution. As an individual he knows that these strike terror and fear in him, drain him physically, exhaust him nervously. As a thinker and a believer he sees the present in which he must dwell as part of a great historical process, with the next step communism and, for the artist, new values and an audience that is today non-existent.

Eliot's defeat is that of the man who turns to the right, who prays for faith in the old, who is dead in the past. Gregory's defeat is that of a man who turns to the left, who prays for faith in the new, who fears, nevertheless, that he must die in the inchoate present. These two poets are polarized, but neither can absolutely affirm; both move intellectually toward something their emotions deny in them, toward ideas not easily communicated, because a universal audience, Catholic or communist, does not exist. Both have a sense that in this world they will be destroyed, be proved futile, save perhaps in the written word, that even here, in art, they may be denied complete expression. Eliot seeks belief in God through the church; Gregory seeks belief in the eternal vitality of creative human love, now giving birth to a new society. Both poets are split, intellectually and emotionally, both are worn by inner conflicts, but they face in exactly opposite directions. Gregory sees this and expresses it in his poem on Eliot and other expatriate artists. Gregory refuses those retreats he has seen such artists take, but he understands clearly the consequences today of undertaking to be both artist and thinking American caught in the economic struggle. Writing to his son he implies that the child may inherit the future in which his father believed.

Gregory's poetry, in other words, states perfectly the position in which many poets of his age find themselves. The new ideology is too new; it cannot grant the modern artist images and symbols with which to communicate. The old ideology is dead or dying. Subconsciously, however, we still return to its heroic proportions and perspectives even while we deride them.

"Chorus for Survival" is as religious a poem, in a sense, as is "Ash Wednesday." Its prayer is, "Tell us that love returns"—and by love Gregory means the urgency of life in human beings properly fulfilling their destinies. The prologue of this book announces this theme; the epilogue reiterates it:

> Turn here, my son,
> No longer turn to what we were
> Build in the sunlight with strong men,

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Beyond our barricade
For even I remember the old war
And death in peace:
The neon sign "Success" across our foreheads.

Between are the beautiful lyrics, confessions of a distraught mind, a worn body, wearied twisted sensibilities, taut nerves, all of which characterize the better poets today.

And so this book brings us to the old problem. The very beautiful and authentic lyrics of this "Chorus" cannot easily be remembered, either for single lines or for longer passages. Their moods, however, are memorable. Their syntax and rhythms, simple but a little relaxed, nostalgic yet without pretense, recreate the poet's exact moods in the reader. But the lines lack the complete coherence, the violence, of passionate conviction. Is this true because today no single concept of society grants the artist the architecture for his feeling? So much poetry today is like two waves of light so transmitted that the trough of one is the peak of the other, and the result darkness. Feeling denies feeling, though each, in its turn, may be intense. We need a scheme of belief, one with a sufficient past to make it part of our blood and our nerves, one old enough to produce its physical scene at least in outline, to make its symbols universally comprehended. Poets have been able to project visions and utopias imaginatively, but only when the architecture of these was already part of a fairly general feeling. Horace Gregory's kind of prayer for revolution may be as far as we can go today toward any affirmation.

EDA LOU WALTON

Thunder in the East

Must We Fight in Asia? By Nathaniel Peffer. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

TO the complacent individual who assumes that the United States will never fight in the East "because our investments are too small," Mr. Peffer's latest book should be profoundly disturbing. For Mr. Peffer does not hedge, qualify, or speculate on remote possibilities. He believes that war is inevitable unless we change our ways, and he leaves no uncertainty as to the basis for his prediction.

The dynamic factor which has destroyed the traditional calm of the Pacific is, of course, the spectacular rise of Japan. Having broken loose from the thraldom of a static, primitive social economy and adopted the technology of the West, it has leaped almost overnight from obscurity to a position among the great powers of the world. To maintain and strengthen its newly won industrial preeminence, ever-expanding markets and an assured source of raw materials are essential. These can only be obtained in China. For nearly forty years the Japanese have resorted to every known device, political, financial and military, to extend their influence over their continental neighbor. Economically weak, politically and socially disorganized, China's resistance to Japanese encroachment has necessarily been feeble. The European powers, already glutted with colonies, have tended to bow to Japan rather than risk an unprofitable conflict. Only the United States and Soviet Russia have stood in the way of Japan's aspirations.

Mr. Peffer is uncertain as to which of these countries is the greatest enemy of the Japanese military clique. The sources of friction between Japan and the Soviet Union are many and deep-seated. As long as the Soviets control the Maritime Province and retain their influence in Outer Mongolia, Japanese penetration of China is strategically unsafe. Recognizing this fact and fearing to delay in the face of the growing strength of the Soviet Union, Japan might choose to attack immediately rather than wait until it has finished its expansion

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in China. Should Japan triumph in such a war, it would immediately attempt to assume hegemony over the entire East —a step that would bring it into direct conflict with the United States. Should the Soviet Union win, all China would go communist, to the great embarrassment of the Western powers.

If a Soviet-Japanese conflict is averted, it merely means, according to Mr. Peffer, that the United States must assume the responsibility for stemming the tide of Japanese imperialism. To support this contention he shows that the underlying current of American policy for nearly a century has been toward expansion in the East. We have not been motivated so much by a desire to protect our stake in the East—which has never been large—as by the hope of obtaining a vastly larger trade in the future. Our policy has been born not of greed but of necessity. As long as the capitalist system is retained in the United States, surpluses will develop, and to deny them an outlet is to destroy the very motive force by which the system operates.

This argument is not a new one, nor is its application particularly original. But it reveals an understanding of the basic forces in present-day political and economic life which is all too frequently lacking in contemporary writing on international affairs. We are committed to an imperialist policy in the East, not because of any malicious desire to swallow up China, but because our economic system demands expansion if it is to function at anything approaching capacity. Japan must likewise expand for precisely the same reasons. This does not mean that a clash between the two is inevitable. The social order, as Mr. Peffer points out, is neither eternal nor immutable. A solution of our domestic economic problems would automatically relieve the pressure on our frontiers. Unfortunately, Mr. Peffer is extremely vague as to the precise nature of this solution. He advocates a redistribution of wealth, a collective control of production and finance, and an allocation of the production of goods; but does so in terms that are all but meaningless to the average reader. The result is that the latter is likely to be left with a comfortable feeling that, after all, there will be no war in the East. This, of course, is just the impression that Mr. Peffer sought not to give, and is the only serious weakness in an otherwise brilliant analysis.

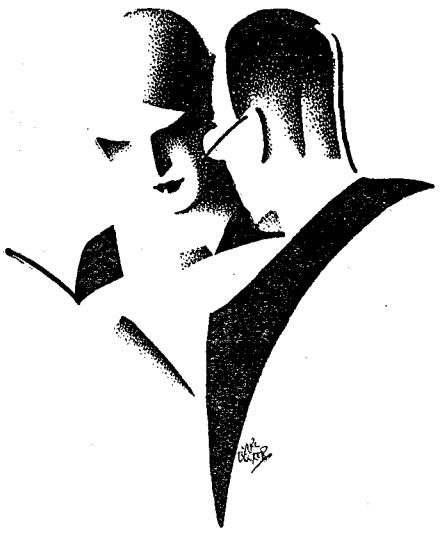
MAXWELL S. STEWART

Drama

The Battle of the Sexes

FOR several weeks the New York theater devoted itself exclusively to the problems of capital and labor. It seems, however, that in London they are still worrying about wives versus husbands and that the audiences there manifested considerable enthusiasm for a play called "The Dominant Sex" which has just been imported into the Cort Theater. I found it often shrewd and often amusing but also a bit old-fashioned, and I have been wondering just why.

Of course I know what the stock answer would be. Domestic squabbles are not really important and any playwright must seem old-fashioned who persisted in devoting his attention to the relation of individual to individual when he might be discussing the economic problems of society. This answer, however, does not satisfy me completely. Even in Marxian circles husbands and wives often quarrel over matters not touched upon in any party discipline, and most members of a typical Broadway audience have had more experience with the psychological maladjustments characteristic of bourgeois life than they have had with the problems of a strike committee. If it were merely a question of what comes home to our hearts and



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bosoms, then, I should be willing to maintain against all comers that such an audience is keeping closer to its most immediate problems when it attends the performance of a "bourgeois" play than when it applauds the, to it, remote decisions of a coal miner or a taxi driver. But there are more ways than one of being old-fashioned, and Michael Egan, the author of "The Dominant Sex," seems a bit behind the times for the simple reason that he insists upon discovering with an air of surprise things which his audience already knows.

Half a dozen tersely written scenes demonstrate his ability to illuminate the battle of the sexes and to reveal in amusing ways how the female of the species can go about her eternal business of being more deadly than the male. In one of them, which borders on farce, Helen Chandler is delightful as the wife who deliberately breaks up a business deal which she does not favor by flirting with her husband's prospective partner, and there are many moments when the audience is plainly divided into two groups, each saying to itself "How like a man," or "How like a woman." Mr. Egan, however, insists upon spoiling it all by doting his i's and crossing his t's in a manner which may have been necessary when Strindberg and Ibsen were introducing the public to their theses but which now seems heavy-handed when it is not positively fatuous. Few still believe that men and women can settle the problems of temperament by deciding to be very reasonable and very modern about everything. In fact, Mr. Egan seems to have set out to show just how silly it is to suppose that they can. But he loses his temper as well as his sense of humor in the process. The wife very plainly gets on his nerves and he mounts the rostrum to declaim against her. He settles what he had begun by saying was not really settleable and ends with a rousing scene in which he sacrifices the spirit of his own comedy to the pleasure of telling these modern women what he thinks of them.

No theme is too old for comedy. In fact it is the very old problems which are most suited to it, because it is only when we have given up hoping to solve a problem that we can examine it with the detached resignation which comedy demands and can bring ourselves to be amused by what we know cannot be remedied. Mr. Egan, unfortunately, makes only an unsuccessful effort to achieve such resignation and spoils what might have been a very sprightly comedy by turning it into a very old-fashioned problem play. JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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HUTCHINS HAPGOOD is the author of "The Spirit of the Ghetto," "Types from City Streets," and other books.

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